

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 4, 1939

WHO'S WHO

THE STAFF, it must be confessed blushing, rather monopolizes the space in this week's issue. John LaFarge had his letter to his French and German friends ready for publication last week, but was gently told to wait. Albert Whelan, with his interview of the great Spanish musician, Father Otaño, thought that this story was getting into our pages three weeks ago, but he graciously submitted to the exigencies that forced us to postpone his contribution. Paul L. Blakely had contracted for space well in advance, and his subject was such that his comments had to be rushed into print. Then along came Gerard Donnelly with the suggestion that he do a preview of the coming political year. The Editor countered with a suggestion that he do his preview in one page and no more. He returned, later, with apologies about his data being too abundant and his typewriter being too fluent; hence, he wanted two pages. The Editor, meanwhile, was thinking that it was about time to get an idea off his mind, something of a plea for clemency for the poor Communists who are being so badly treated these days. Accordingly, the preview of the Senators was postponed, because it was two pages instead of one, and the Communists were given the available one-page space. So says the Editor: What we want in AMERICA are ideas, and we don't care who writes them, even though they are of the Staff. . . . GODFREY P. SCHMIDT offers his ideas with true erudition to our readers. He is a lawyer of New York who finds keen enjoyment in pursuing the higher studies of philosophy, yes, and theology. He is Deputy Industrial Commissioner of the New York State Department of Labor.

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COMMENT

OPPORTUNE indeed in the current bewilderment is the appearance of our Holy Father's first encyclical, *Summi Pontificatus*, issued on October 27. Opportune, too, are those words which are first quoted of the Encyclical; for they indicate where sanity and hope are to be sought in the present confusion. Though its words are spoken directly to Catholics, the ideas therein expressed will echo in the hearts of millions not of our Faith. The Pope's words are spoken to *all*; and it would be both unjust and idle to try to wrest them to the advantage of any regime in the present conflict. With this principle understood, the full weight can be felt of his insistence upon the sanctity of treaties joined with his appeal for genuine treaties conceived not in the "hour of temptation" that accompanies victory, but established in justice and equity. To all sides are applicable his warning against dictators; for the moral and spiritual evils which, as he observes, give rise to dictatorships—the denial of "God's authority and the sway of His law"—are universal in their contagion, even though in some countries that contagion has burst out into its full manifestations. Poignant is the Pope's reminder that if his advice had been followed, this conflict would never have occurred; touching is his charitable appeal for sympathy towards Poland's distress; but above the note of sorrow rises the note of hope in the ultimate triumph of reason and justice, when the world shall see that the new order, the coming of which is now heralded, must be built upon God's law.

THE BALLOTS for the Readers of AMERICA Poll are giving our postman an overflowing mailbag at each delivery. Tabulations of the answers cast on each of the five questions are being made as expeditiously as possible. It is our expectation, and certainly our hope, that the results may be ready for publication in our next issue. We were gratified by the immediate response of our readers, and encouraged by their desire to express in certain terms their convictions on these important issues. The readers of AMERICA represent the intellectual strata of American Catholics. They form a bloc of citizens who think seriously and engage in diverse organizational activities outside of their business occupations. They are, for the most part, in contact with non-Catholics and Catholics who talk out the problems of the world at large. And so their answers mean much. Thousands of ballots, however, have not yet been checked off and sent to our office. If you have not voted, turn back to the issue of October 21, check your answers, clip the ballot, envelope and stamp it, and forward it immediately. There is still time for your vote to be numbered.

THE STUDENTS cast their ballots in the National Catholic College Poll, for the most part, on Tuesday, October 24. We had expected a response from the Universities and Colleges. We were thrilled by the intensity of the enthusiasm they displayed. It was no easy task to get out the 115,000 ballots and all the accessories. It was a problem for the Universities and Colleges to erect the machinery for the balloting. However, presidents and deans and professors and student officials and the students themselves regarded the National Catholic College Poll as a serious business, as it was, and checked their convictions as if their convictions were of value, which they were. Some of the final tabulations from the Universities and Colleges have reached us, and others are arriving by telegram and special delivery. The answers to some of the questions are overwhelmingly "yes," or "no" with a landslide. Other answers show sharp divisions of opinion. There is much speculation ahead for the analysts and interpreters. If it is at all possible, we shall publish the final figures in our issue of November 11.

HARDLY a single war in recent times has not had some memorable ship sinking. The sinking of the *Athenia* is the most memorable in the present. It is unique in that it was the first in which a supposedly passenger ship carrying non-belligerents for the most part was lost on its way west to the open Atlantic. All *a priori* reasons were against Germany's having a hand in the sinking. The air was clouded by varying accounts of the passengers of the *Athenia*. Some of our own naval experts early, perhaps too early, declared it the work of a German submarine. Senator Reynolds, of North Carolina, resurrected the issue in the Senate declaring it was a Russian and not a German or British submarine that had caused the disaster, part of a Stalin-hatched plot to plunge the anti-Communist nations into a war of devastation and mutual destruction. We do not know whether we shall have another *Maine* case in the *Athenia* with as many or more years required for a definite decision. But we do know that a thorough, impartial inquiry into the whole case of the sinking has never been made. It will not require the impassioned profanities of a Goebbels or others of a kind to create perplexing thoughts in the minds of many. The attendant circumstances and immediate sequels of the *Athenia* disaster are of such a nature as to call forth a more realistic attitude than what has been hitherto manifested by the British Admiralty. The shelling and actual sinking by the British destroyers, so summarily and, it would appear, so anxiously executed, is particularly puzzling.

IN these days of many major commemorative celebrations no one seems to have remembered the golden jubilee of the first American Catholic Congress that met in Baltimore, November 11 and 12, 1889, with the highest ecclesiastical sanction and approval. Presided over by John Lee Carroll, 1,500 delegates from forty States, representing every race and nationality in the Republic, listened to twenty addresses by men widely known, of high character and personal worth, on subjects and affairs of current Catholic interest. It was a rhetorical torrent of some 200,000 words, and after it and the adoption of resolutions voicing the declaration of the Congress on the principles and topics considered during its sessions, the proceedings concluded with a short address by Archbishop Ireland, who with Cardinal Gibbons had been a chief factor in the plans for the Congress. He said:

Go back and say to your fellow Catholics that there is a departure among the Catholics of the United States. Tell them that heretofore, so to speak, you have done but little, but that henceforth you are going to do great things. Tell them that there is a mission open for laymen. . . . For my part I am overjoyed to see so many laymen, overjoyed to listen to such magnificent discourses and such grand papers and to have realized that there is among our Catholics in America so much talent, so much strong faith. As one of your Bishops I am ashamed of myself that I was not conscious before this of the power existing in the midst of the laity and that I have not done anything to bring it out. But one thing I will do with God's help. In the future I shall do all I can to bring out this power. I assure you in the name of the Bishops and priests that we will lead, but I shall be very glad to see you get ahead of us in something.

There is ample scope for research students to indicate what practical results have followed during the half-century since the Baltimore Congress adjourned.

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WHILE enlightened and spiritually provided-for Catholics serenely enjoy the benefits of their religion, millions of America's "lower third" in the rural districts—migrant tenants and agricultural laborers—turn in spiritual despair to the Holy Rollers and other sects. Other millions in the cities grasp blindly after the last shreds of religion offered them by Christian Science, the occult sects or merely the Sunday Supplement. This desperate situation cannot be met by any retail measures. Wholesale, national catechetical action is necessary if these souls are to share the benefits of the Redemption. Hence the immense importance of the work undertaken by the National Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, which is holding its fifth national Catechetical Congress at Cincinnati, November 4-7. Archbishop McNicholas, host to the Congress, sounded the right note when he declared: "We need lay catechists by the hundreds of thousands. Is it too bold a thought even to hope for a million within the next few years in our country with a sufficient doctrinal background?" Reform or rather completion and clarification of the catechism itself—the great work projected by the Confraternity's theologians—religious instruction of

public-school children, parish organization of catechetical work, preparation of lay catechists, special training for presentation of the Faith to the non-Catholics, particularly in the outlying districts, "arsenals" of visual and printed material for instruction, organization of religious study clubs, these are some of the Confraternity's features which form one logical whole. The Confraternity's work must not only grow, but must grow immensely if America is to be saved from the whirlpool of paganism and secularism.

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WITH all the discussion as to how to reach the minds of the multitudes, there is yet underestimate of the opportunities offered by popular distribution of books. There is a paradox in the fact that much of the keenest appetite for reading, and rather solid reading, is found among plain people who live entirely out of the reach of town or city libraries. A zealous young parish priest in a New England seaport town has a busy time keeping supplied with reading matter a Scandinavian convert stationed on a nearby lightship. People living in the high valleys of the Appalachians, the famous mountaineers of Kentucky, North Carolina and neighboring States, are found to devour reading matter once they get their hands upon it. Astonishingly successful has been the Pack Horse Library, a Kentucky WPA project, by which 353 traveling women librarians, picking their way over thirty-five mountain counties, deliver 39,293 books (according to *Rural America* for October) to 36,293 mountain families. The "book women" are hospitably received and win recruits for their number among those benefited. These are not Catholic readers or Catholic books, but the project's success drops a hint for a Catholic apostolate. Would it not be possible to establish a national Catholic library service, available to isolated Catholic families?

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THE conscience of the American Catholic has in the main heroically withstood the determinism of *laissez-faire* economics, the amoral principles of materialism as applied to social, marital and individual problems of conduct, the indifference to religious duties, caused by agnosticism and Biblical rationalism. This superb resistance has been sustained by many forces cooperating with God's Grace. Not the least important of these is the *Compendium Theologiae Moralis*, the "Sabetti-Barrett," which has guided thousands of American priests and through them millions of American Catholics. Thirty-four editions since 1884! Eight since the New Code of 1918! And its excellence is even century-old. Into it have gone the labors of Fathers Gury, Ballerini, Sabetti, Barrett. With the last-named the *Compendium* became a peculiarly American product. Daniel Creeden, S.J., is the latest moralist to carry on the work. In this thirty-fourth edition, all the new documents promulgated by the Holy See find place, if pertinent to the broad field of morals. Its good effect in carrying on the combat of a right conscience will be widely felt.

WAR MAY BE IN EUROPE WHILE AMERICA IS AT PEACE

An open letter to French—and also German—friends

JOHN LaFARGE

SINCE the outbreak of the war I have received letters from my French friends who are disconcerted at our American attitude and at AMERICA. Some appeal to a fellow Catholic, asking him how he can consent to injustice, and raise the issue of God and the Church. Others simply ask for a clarification of our position, freely granting that conditions greatly differ between here and Europe. That they do so feel and so write is a tribute to their own earnestness and confidence in a stranger.

I cannot conceivably be indifferent to the emotions of the French when threatened by attack or invasion. I recall some of my own kin, those in the past who died in honorable combat, laymen and Religious; others who are now serving in the land or sea forces of the nation. I conjecture the sentiments in this hour of one young Catholic officer who, when deprived of his examination for the French navy by disability from an automobile accident, did his three years as a seaman so that he could earn the right to rise from the ranks. I know that these young people are mobilized with a sickening consciousness of what war brought with it in 1914, and that their sisters and wives and sweethearts share the same emotions. The idea of those homes being devastated where generations of profoundly Catholic families have lived, prayed and labored, homes that harbored the poor and were the center of numberless charities, is utterly repugnant to my instincts and my sense of justice.

About this I cannot be "neutral," any more than I can be neutral about the homes of hundreds of other good people in France whom I have met.

Though I have no kin in Germany, I have friends there as deeply cherished as any I possess in France. There are German homes that I know and love, some within sound, even within gunshot, of the fighting now done along the Moselle. I recall the cordiality of the congregation who crowded around to welcome me as they streamed out last year from one of the old Rhineland churches; the German Catholics, young and old, who, missal in hand and eyes ever glancing toward the celebrant, followed my every word and movement in silent prayer as I offered Mass for them in a pilgrimage chapel. Never did I see a group to whom the words *Orate, fratres*, seemed more directly addressed,

by none more fervently answered. Can I ignore the grief and perplexity of millions of German Catholics in this war? Can I any less wish to destruction an invader who would destroy those homes, those fields and vineyards, those wayside Madonnas, those Catholic shrines? For them, too, I cannot be "neutral."

But can I be neutral when the issue hinges not merely upon territorial defense but upon the very existence of the social order? The personal ambitions of Hitler or Stalin, the nationalistic aims of Russia or Germany are but incidents in a vast campaign to destroy through revolution the very foundation of human liberty, belief in God and man's immortal soul.

Again I must answer that I cannot conceivably be "neutral" about such a matter. *Because* I am not neutral, however; *because* I am fearfully concerned over the threat to the spiritual foundations of our social order, I distrust and reject the attempt to defend that social order by a means which in American hands will certainly defeat its own end. Far from protecting us against this evil, American military participation would be but a transmission line to spread the pestilence to our country and then, in reverse, to the entire world.

A military defense against this menace is dictated to the European democracies by the circumstances in which they find themselves. But these are not *our* circumstances. Since they are not ours, since the onslaught on the social order does not come to America in the guise of military aggression, we should be fatally mistaken if we drew a false conclusion and sought to defend the social order by means quite unsuited to the combat. To adopt in this modern instance the doctrine of a "holy war" would render disservice not only to ourselves but to France and Britain as well.

Even if the lines of Christianity were clearly drawn up as between government and government against the forces of atheism and revolution, there would still remain for us the grave doubt whether armed force is a fit means for combating atheistic revolution, especially when that armed force is wielded by a nation like our own. Ours is not a closely united nation, nor are we in all respects a Christian nation; in many ways we are frankly a

pagan nation. Such a warfare would set in motion movements and forces in this country which would lay the seeds of disorders worse than those existing.

In America our economic life is still badly dislocated from the shock of the World War. We are burdened with enormous unemployment, with vanishing land ownership, with appalling inequalities of income, with the legal and personal insecurity of millions of our citizens. Our American society possesses elements of great strength, but it is not invulnerable nor indestructible. Entrance into the European conflict opens wide the door to those same socially destructive forces against which we are supposedly contending.

For my friends in France or Britain the war has a positive bearing because the totalists immediately threaten physical menace to their own homes. But from the American angle the conflict would be solely a battle *against* a menace, not a battle *for* anything tangible: not for our own territory, because our territory is not threatened; not for a positive Christian social order in the world at large, since that Christian social order does not yet exist.

To enlist the services of strangers, a mere negative threat, a mere "against" without a "for," does not suffice. It does not even suffice psychologically, as two historic collapses in recent time have demonstrated: that of the Communist Popular Front, which failed to rally the world under its banner against "war and Fascism"; that of the Anti-Komintern League against international Communism. The "anti" movements provide immense excitement for the time being; they are waves which carry dictators to power; but like waves they also subside; they lack the substance to sustain systematic and prolonged effort.

Western Europe has enough elements of a settled social order to call for its own armed defense from the Europeans themselves. They have enough of such elements to call for the peaceful cooperation of American Catholics in the establishment of a newer and better social order when the opportunity presents. But the Christian nature of their social order is now too fragmentary and confused to serve as a basis for American military cooperation for the defense of civilization.

Did America go to war to defend Europe's social order, we should find ourselves as Catholics gravely compromised by the type of social order we would be called to defend at such terrific risks and sacrifices, as well as by the aims and policies of the governments who undertake to defend it.

Are we pledged to defend capitalism, to safeguard colonial policies by which weaker races are subjugated for the sake of private enterprise, to maintain the wealth and power of certain privileged groups and individuals? Or are we invited to the defense of those social and religious values taught us by the Papal Encyclicals and implied in the Christian concept of the state and of society?

We find these governments, supposedly eager to accept our help and appealing to our moral sense and religious spirit, themselves motivated by purely political, not social or ethical, calculations. As the Abbé LeClercq observes in the (Belgian) *Cité*

Chrétienne for September 20: "We are not naive enough to take M. Daladier as a defender of the Faith. And if they do conquer, we have no guarantee that in the hour of victory they will observe that moderation which justice requires. On the contrary, we are practically certain that the opinion of the Church will count for very little in their eyes."

In point of fact, we find these governments, even in such a crisis, and after all the experiences of the World War and after, still unrelenting as to certain elementary concessions in matters which deeply touch our most sacred traditions and convictions. We are puzzled that but seven Navy chaplains are as yet employed in the French fleet (or were last year) and that clergy and Religious alike are drafted like laymen into the regular army. "National exigency" can hardly be a plea, for Mussolini's middle name is national exigency; yet even he does better than this. And though I am no Irishman, I should feel safer with Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Churchill did they even drop a hint to Craigavon and his henchmen in Northern Ireland to put an end to their baiting of Catholics.

These profound misgivings as to governments and the present pagan social order do not prevent our being impressed by the rebirth of religion, the conquering Christian spirit of hundreds of thousands of French youth in town and country who are laying the foundation of the greatest revival of Christianity in history. We see the rapid elimination of social poisons which paralyzed the nation's spiritual life but a few years ago, the restoration of historic religious traditions, the return to the practice of the Sacraments, the unity of the nation's clergy and the wealth of charitable and missionary enterprise and splendid Catholic Action, as well as the homage paid to the truth by intellectuals and the renewed confidence of the masses long alienated by suspicions and hatred.

Though heavily blanketed beneath the frosts of Nazi suppression, there are similar signs of revival among the Catholic youth of Germany. Those who do pass through the fire will doubtless be the world's foremost apostles of the new order.

But this belongs to the social order of the future, not of the present. The time will certainly come when American Catholics will aid in the construction of this future social order abroad as well as at home. But at present the greatest aid we can offer to that order is the aid of a nation at peace, not of a nation at war.

I believe that even the most patriotic Frenchman or Englishman may see, as indeed some have themselves affirmed to me that they do see, the immense importance, even if the worst comes to the worst in Europe, of there being one great region of the world where there is still peace and democracy, where liberty still prevails, where the afflicted and exiled of all nations can find a home, where the groundwork can be laid for the just and lasting peace of the future. And it is in the interests of that peace, not in the interests of a stolid indifference, that American Catholics take their present position in this war.

MERCY KILLING TURNS BACK THE CLOCK

PAUL L. BLAKELY

NOT many years ago, a Boston physician was studying the problem of how to cure a disease for which no remedy had then been found. He was himself suffering from another disease which, in spite of the best medical care, meant gradual weakening and death. At the same time, there was a young physician in Toronto who had given up active practice and had sold all he possessed, including his office furniture and his surgical instruments, to keep himself alive while he studied the disease with which the Boston physician was afflicted. Unknown to each other, Dr. George R. Minot, of Boston, continued his researches in pernicious anemia, while Dr. Fred Banting, of Toronto, spent his hungry days studying diabetes in hospital wards, and the laboratory.

Both had seen patients linger in painful inactivity and die. Each hated the disease he fought, and again and again both saw the results of their scientific researches proved utterly wrong. But they did not give up. There must be somewhere a cure for these diseases which annually struck down thousands, and killed them after prolonged stages of utterly disabling weakness and suffering. That cure they must find.

But neither ever considered the thought: "Since these sick people are a burden to themselves and to their families and, in some instances, to the community as well, it is better to kill them off-hand and get them out of the way." To yield to that suggestion, each knew, would be to turn back the clock of civilization.

It would deny the conviction, deep in the hearts of mothers and of all decent men and women, that the sick must be cared for, at whatever inconvenience to themselves. It would be apostasy to the law which has governed the medical profession since the profession took form, and which tells the physician that his most solemn obligation is to fight death to the end, however hopeless the battle may seem. Giving in to death would outrage every instinct which has raised man above the savage who kills his old and his sick that they may no longer burden him.

In the best traditions, then, of their profession, Minot and Banting worked on, fighting to save life. At last they discovered procedures by which patients stricken with pernicious anemia or with diabetes could be helped, and by which many could be restored to health. They had scored another advance in the art and science of medicine.

No advance can ever be registered by the methods which the propagandists of euthanasia propose. No unsolved problem in medicine or surgery is solved by killing the patient. To kill the sick man is

the refuge of the lazy, the incompetent, the unscrupulous, who meet the problem by asserting that no problem exists. Such malpractice makes progress in medicine impossible. If literally dozens of ailments which a century, or even a quarter of a century ago, meant death, can today be cured, the reason is that men of vision, skill and self-sacrifice, patiently investigated, tested, checked results, and at last won through to another victory over death, sometimes, as with Walter Reed, at the cost of their own lives.

It is a shocking commentary on the low level to which morals and even common humanity have fallen, that it is necessary to defend vigorously the truth: "Neither the physician nor the state may kill the sick." The very statement of the proposition seems to plunge us back into barbarism. Yet there is hardly a large city in America without a society demanding legislation which will authorize physicians to kill "the incurably ill." Apart from the fact that medical science itself is killed, whenever any illness is accepted by the profession as incurable, the civil authority has no more right to murder than John Dillinger had.

The state may put criminals to death, but only when this punishment is necessary to protect itself and its citizens from the physical and moral menace of crime. But the sick man is not even a physical menace to the state, for when properly cared for, he does not communicate his illness to others. But what is of infinitely higher importance, the sick, by developing charity and self-sacrifice in those who care for them, promote in the whole community the growth of qualities without which no community can be deemed civilized.

Who will say that the mother who kills her sick child does as much to promote those decencies on which the permanence of civilization is conditioned, as the mother who by day and through watchful nights bends over her little one, seeking to help it, even though in her heart she has accepted the dread verdict that as yet medical science can offer no cure? Who but a barbarian will suggest to her that her suffering, greater than the pain which wracks the child, can find surcease in an execution chamber provided by the state? If we are to accept that philosophy, then let us turn our hospitals into batteries of death cells.

Not only mercy, but, common decency, demands that advocates of this misnamed "euthanasia" be rebuked by our State legislatures. To authorize the physician to hasten death would not rank him with the stolid butcher who, as the steers shamle through the runway, knocks each on the head with a mallet. For the butcher performs a useful function, while the physician who hastens death not only outrages the confidence placed in him by his patient, but is a murderer.

In this fight to save the civilization which generations have built up by toil and pain, the medical profession must take the lead. Otherwise it will forfeit its right to be considered higher in rank than that profession which numbered Landru, Dillinger, "Ma" Barker, and other infamous murderers among its members.

MAN ACTS AS WOLF TO HIS FELLOWMAN

GODFREY P. SCHMIDT



IN recent events in Europe "civilized" man harvests the fruit of that naturalism which, acknowledging no invisible Absolute of truth or goodness, accepts no direction from a visible, Divinely-ordained moral magistracy.

For politics should involve among other things the moral aspects of a sovereignty's conduct, whether that sovereignty marches the way a dictator points or saunters according to the convenience of fifty-one per cent of the voters. If politics are free from such involvement, there is left only the self-interest whose issue is force. Where the power of right abdicates, the power of force (and of threats of force) succeeds to hegemony. That lesson is graven in monstrous letters on the precipitous ledges of political history from Thrasymachus to Stalin and Hitler.

Covenants that are not ultimately sacred to men for the sake of that invisible but infinite Goodness Who is the absolute standard of morality can hardly be sacred to please some relative rogue who has managed to clamber to reins of power. The men who deny an absolute Goodness are left with might as a substitute for right. They will have, for their tyranny, the brutality of Hobbes: "Covenants without the sword are but words."

They, of course, will have no infallible teaching authority: no general councils, no bishops from the world's four corners speaking unanimously in union with a primate of a Universal Church, no ordinary and uniform teaching of such Church, and no pope exercising an infallible prerogative. Notwithstanding all this, they do have leagues of nations, pacts against war, world courts, peace treaties, balances of power, collective security and a dozen similar fatuities or hypocrisies.

Such are the man-made, man-centered, man-inspired devices which men have been pleased to substitute for Divine dispositions. They make one think that if such men have no reverence for the throne of Peter, they are, nevertheless, quite willing to sit in or to make obeisance before that "throne of pestilence" which is mentioned long ago in the First Psalm.

Yet, the average man being what he is—ignorant, retarded or discouraged by the discipline of intellectual labor, self-seeking, prejudiced in favor of the obvious and the visible—there is about the same need for an inerrant teaching authority as there is for a Divine Revelation. For most men, the invisible truth needs a visible guardian and interpreter. Perhaps that is why Goodness was no deistic god Who came but did not tarry, thus leaving men to unprotected lonesomeness. Man was left with a triple heritage—a Sacrament for

strength, a Mystical Body for unity, and a Vicar (directed by the Spirit of Truth) for guidance.

It does not matter for the present purpose that the guidance available under papal immunity from error is limited. It does extend to all matters appertaining to Faith and morals, and the things that are happening in Europe today would not have happened if in those matters Europe's house had been in order. The war in Europe is a fundamental repudiation of much that has been authoritatively defined as to Faith and morals; it means acceptance of much that is contrary to the teaching of Revelation in matters of Faith and morals; false interpretations of revealed truth, false conclusions of reason, aberrations from Faith and morality in the abstract and in the concrete.

Should a man repudiate, for example, the papal authority in moral matters, he has, logically, only a few alternative recourses.

Like the moral anarchist he may deny the necessity for leadership or standard of any kind in charting the course of his conduct. But the moral anarchist, as the universal skeptic, lives only in theory. In spite of his rebellion he does have his own standards, even though they be predominantly negative. A man no more than a plant, can thrive if he is unrooted.

Or a man may look not to the Pope but to another for ethical orientation. That "other" may be a single man or a group of men with or without an alleged Divine commission. In any case there will be no pretense at infallible pronouncement because there is only one Church which dares to teach a dogma of infallibility. But there *will* be advice, opinion, custom, convention, theory, human respect, humanistic religion or some equivalent norm. However, unless there is a supernatural religion there is no authority higher than mere *man* to which duty is owed.

Finally, a man who spurns the doctrinal leadership of the Vicar of Christ may rely only upon his own perception of apperception of good and evil. He may call it personal responsibility, private interpretation, self-science, enlightenment, character, education, humanity, or even self-interest. But, in the end it comes to this: one Pope or many antipopes. You laugh at the Pope for being so naive as to put credence in a revealed dogma of infallibility, and then you become your own pope pronouncing moral and doctrinal judgments prodigally, with the finality of infallibility and, very naturally, self-servingly.

I said "very naturally" because I was thinking of naturalism. Either you will have the Pope with his "supernatural pretensions" or you will look only to the judgment of other men. Precisely here is the woful dialectic laid bare. Men begin to say: "Supernatural Grace? So much moonshine—old fishwives' tales. There are only men to be considered in these matters of good and bad."

Which men? What kind of men? As soon as one comes this far there is no stopping until there is an answer to this question: "Which men? I or my neighbor?"

In political history you will find many answers

but most of them are subsumed in the self-interest of Thrasymachus or in the force of Hobbes.

When someone argues about good or bad he is, necessarily, concerning himself with the universe of final causes, ends, purposes. Good or bad *for what*? To say that only man must be considered in appraising conduct is another way of saying that man is for man alone; man belongs to man. This was a concept which the Roman expressed in two words: *homo homini*, man belongs to man.

All of which would not be so tragic if it were not for the wolf. For the wolf or *lupus* is waiting to come in. When it goes to the point of *homo homini*, it is generally not long before he does come in. *Homo homini lupus* was the ancient proverb: man behaves as a wolf to his fellowmen.

Two examples might be cited. They differ only in political significance. They do not differ at all in principles logically carried to their conclusion.

One is a teacher who has not, thank God, had the political power to make his "moral" doctrine obnoxious by living it or by imposing it upon other lives. The other, unfortunately, has become obnoxious. He is a politician wonted to doing rather than to merely teaching (though he does both with a diabolic shrewdness). He has become his own pope, although his followers prefer the name "Fuehrer." I suspect, however, that even Jehovah's Witnesses might prefer the Roman Pontiff to this self-exalted anti-pope.

The teacher is Dr. S. J. Holmes, zoologist and author. I quote from an Associated Press dispatch, dated June 27, 1939, as reproduced from the *New York Times*:

Substitution of the Darwinian code of morals for the Christian and other "authoritarian" rules of life was suggested tonight as an approach to human welfare problems by Dr. S. J. Holmes, * * * in his presidential address to a divisional convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Darwinian code, an outgrowth of Charles Darwin's theory of evolutionary descent, accepts cruelty, lust, deceit, cowardice and selfishness as intrinsic "virtues," Dr. Holmes said, but disapproves their abuse. . . .

. . . All natural traits and impulses of human beings must therefore be fundamentally good if we consider the good as the biologically useful.

Cruelty, selfishness, lust, cowardice and deceit are normal ingredients of human nature which have their useful rôle in the struggle for existence. Intrinsically they are all virtues. It is only their excess or their exercise under the wrong conditions that justly incurs our moral disapproval.

Dr. Holmes cited the ancient Hebraic laws and the Christian ordinances as examples of "authoritarian" codes and suggested that such philosophies conflicted with human nature and therefore were responsible for some of the world's human welfare problems.

He contended that some of the problems would disappear and the others might be solved if they could be isolated from "authoritarian" moral philosophies and left to science.

Rousseau and Nietzsche could not ask for more. Who will decide for Dr. Holmes what conduct is biologically useful? Certainly not the Pope, who lays no claim to being a biologist. Very probably not God either. Unless I am mistaken, not even the

American Association for the Advancement of Science or a majority of electors. In most instances, I suppose, it will be Holmes himself pontificating on his own throne.

Also, how does one "abuse" such "virtues" as cruelty, lust, deceit, cowardice and selfishness?

Allow each man to determine the rectitude of his acts by his individual notion of "usefulness" in general, or by the Holmes brand of usefulness; then carry the glad tidings of such a rule of life to the thousands of men and women who have only rudimentary ideas of self-discipline; and if you do not end by compounding felony you will begin by compounding self-interest.

My second example is, of course, Herr Hitler. No need in these times to quote his words. Publishing houses vie with each other to provender all kinds of minds with them in authorized and in unauthorized editions. Reversing the rule of charity, the man himself is hated, but his book of fault-justification is welcomed. For his book propagates the doctrine and morality which are his basic sin and the genetic principle of his most reprobate conduct. It is as if ruthlessness and brigandage were deplored while a subtle intellectual invitation to them is gladly spread far and wide throughout "liberal" and "democratic" countries.

When, in the arithmetic of life, the absurd subtraction of God is attempted, what is left is not only irrational but corrupting to man's insubordinate will. Take away all stable ethical norms and student minds are betrayed to moral opportunism, to the awful responsibility of self-interested judgment of good and of bad. Good is then related only to someone's usefulness or even convenience, and there are let loose upon the world generations of pretenders to the throne of infallibility, pea-in-the-pod Hitlers. Individual men, from sarcastic and scintillating columnists to the doctrinaires who know just what theory will put millions of men back to work, or will create a unified nation out of an amalgam of blood and force; and collective men acting in majorities or parties—all must judge what is right *for themselves* if they hold that no other man is wise or endowed enough to do it for them. Thus, each man does the best he can *for himself*. It is difficult to discover the boundary that separates such a philosophy from the doctrine of self-interest.

Even Hitler can say to Chamberlain, to Daladier and to the men who wrote the Versailles treaty without a prayer and without a reference to God but with the pen of force and the ink of self-interest: "Do you speak in the name of humanity? Do you say that I should have respect for men? I have. I and my Nazis are men."

Certainly that is one possible answer to the question I asked before: "Which men? What kind of men?" Tragically, they are the men who have ruled out God only to enfeoff themselves to the idolatry of man; the men who have either climbed to the throne of pestilence or do homage before it. For them there can be no City of God which could become a haven from the cruelty of the city of men.

THE COMMUNIST IS NO LONGER SACRED

FRANCIS X. TALBOT

THINGS happened in October that could not possibly have occurred before September. During 1938 and the first eight months of 1939, no one in authority dared to lay a finger upon a Communist. Very few holding executive positions in Government or in industry had courage enough to speak a word against a Communist. For the Communist party in the United States had very adroitly enveloped itself in a toga of respectability. It had spread out its sphere of influence among writers, orators, advanced clergymen, professors and educators, liberals living on satisfying incomes, liberals living on their nerves, society matrons and that indiscriminate class of thinkers who hysterically attach themselves to a cause. The Communist spiders on Twelfth Street, New York, had skilfully constructed their web and called it the United Front. The strands of the web were fashioned out of nearly a hundred organizations, many of them headed by distinguished Americans and all of them including in their membership American upholders of democracy.

The Communist party in the United States was powerful, not so much because of the Communists themselves, but because of the "innocents" and the "fellow-travelers." To warn against the wiles of those Communists who were spinning the organizational web was to lay one's self open to ridicule. To speak against the Communist impenetration into our social and governmental and industrial structures was to call down on one's self the name of witch-hunter, red-baiter, Fascist, and fanatic.

Three months ago, would the State Department have publicly inquired into the matter of faked and forged passports used and issued by the Communists of New York and Moscow? Three months ago, would the Department of Justice have pushed the case against Earl Browder? Three months ago would the Dies Committee, despite its earlier revelations, have published a list of those public officials suspected of Communist attachments? Three months ago would the newspapers and their editorial writers and their columnists and their cartoonists have condemned and satirized the Communists and the Communist party? The answer to these and like questions is just "no."

During September and October, however, a violent and sudden change of sentiment swept through the nation. The liberals, lightly as their manner is to flutter off, sought new causes for which to fight. The "fellow travelers" turned state's evidence. The "innocents" bulged their wind-pipes denying they were ever Communists or had anything to do with Communists. The United Front organizations were affected with paralysis. The web of the Communists

hung tattered and dusty. Then the editorial writers bombarded the Communists, the columnists machine-gunned them, the cartoonists pierced them with rapiers. Then the officials were encouraged to take action. Browder spent a night in jail. The Dies Committee published the names of the mighty. And unbelievably, nobody now cares much whether a Communist calls him a reactionary, Fascist, capitalist, witch-hunter, red-baiter, anti-democrat or persecutor of the proletariat.

The Communists in the United States, these months, are disrupted and in flight. Former friends stand on the curb, inactive. Any stick is good enough to beat them. Any one has courage to deride them. Any official feels safe in ousting or in prosecuting them. The pressure has shifted. Those who pushed the Communists up are now pressing them downward. The danger is that the Communist party may be so heavily attacked that it may be forced underground once more.

What produced this change of attitude and activity in regard to the Communists? Certainly, it was not new evidence submitted. To a certain extent, it was not fresh understanding. Practically all that is now being revealed about the subversive nature of Communism and the American Communists was known. Much that will undoubtedly be revealed was known long ago by those who opposed Communism during the past few years. Earl Browder, for example, is now, in October, being tried for passport irregularities. Further indictments are promised. But every reader of this Review was made aware, time and again, that there were flagrant irregularities in the matter of passports held by the Americans fighting for the Moscow cause in the Spanish Civil War. The State Department certainly knew the facts, but took no action.

A story about Earl Browder may be told, by way of illustration. In 1938, he travelled to Europe on a passport made out in his own name, therefore, as a known person. At the time, gossip had it that he had been called to Washington twice and had conversation with a high official of the Government. The purpose, so it was said, of his visit to Washington and his trip to Europe was this: to get possession of some 1,200 American passports belonging to members of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, held by the Communists of Barcelona, and in danger of being sent to Moscow for use by Stalin's agents. The sequence, we have never heard. Perhaps, some day, now that the Communists are in flight, the story may be verified or denied.

What smashed the American Communists and laid them open to reproach and rendered them liable to attack? No mistake that they themselves have made. They were ruined in September by their dictator, Joseph Stalin. They were double-crossed and liquidated and purged. The fickle Americans hated Hitler more than they loved Stalin. The glib Americans could swallow Stalin by himself, and enjoy it. But they could not stomach Stalin with a Hitler dressing. From the moment that Stalin and Hitler made their pact, the impregnable American Communist became vulnerable. Anybody can now testify against them and attack them.

ON THE CLIPPER CAME SPAIN'S DELEGATE TO MUSIC CONGRESS

An interview with Nemesio Otaño, Spanish Composer

ALBERT WHELAN

OUT of the Clipper stepped Nemesio Otaño, S.J., National Director of Art Programs for the Spanish Radio, on a first visit to the United States. He was the delegate of his Government, Department of Foreign Affairs, to the International Congress of the American Musicological Society, and had been scheduled to address the General Session of the Congress held in New York. But war in Europe delayed his arrival. At first booked to sail on the *Normandie*, then on the *Saturnia*, and finally on another boat the name of which he could not recall, he had about despaired of arriving at all, after the sailings of these liners were one after another canceled. But not Father Otaño's chief, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Civil War had made this executive air-minded, and as no other means of transportation was available, passage on the Clipper was procured, bringing Father Otaño to the Congress too late for most of the sessions, but not too late to bear Spain's good-will message to the United States.

Few musicians in this country had made the acquaintance of Nemesio Otaño personally, though his work as a composer, over a long period of years, had gained him a host of musical friends. His compositions had long attracted wide attention, even in this country, for their excellence and for their fidelity to the traditional Spanish mode. The charm of the composer's personality immediately won him spontaneous recognition in New York, while he, in turn, was enthusiastic over the cordial reception that was accorded him during his all too brief visit.

It will be interesting to note briefly a few experiences of the celebrated Spanish composer during the Civil War. At the outbreak of the conflict, he was visiting his brother at Azcoitia, Guipuzcoa. An attempt to seize him by Red sympathizers was foiled by local Basque militia, some of whom were his former pupils. To prevent his removal to San Sebastian, where he would have been incarcerated and, in all probability, shot, these young Basques made him their prisoner and confined him in his brother's house. Here he remained until he was liberated by the Nationalist armies with the capture of San Sebastian.

It was shortly after that he was summoned by

the new Nationalist Government to Salamanca, given the official title of Editor of Patriotic Music, and assigned to the task of compiling patriotic songs from Spain's traditional music. The spirit of the Nationalist movement was a reawakening of traditional Spain. Even in the field of music the songs of the past were to be revived. Long hours were spent poring over musty volumes of old music, selecting hymns, band selections, and "calls" for bugle, clarinet and drum. While going over an old volume published in 1769, Father Otaño came upon the *Marcha de los Granaderos*, which was forthwith adopted by Generalissimo Franco as the official anthem of the Nationalist movement. This march had been accepted universally up to 1865, but with the establishment of the First Republic in 1868 it had fallen into disuse. These musical findings were compiled in one volume and distributed widely throughout Spain.

When Burgos was designated as the temporary capital of the Government, Father Otaño was assigned to his present post of Director of Art Programs for the Nationalist Radio. Besides supervising the cultural radio broadcasts, his work called for organization of concerts and musical revivals all over the Peninsular. Elaborate programs were arranged for such occasions as Nationalist victories, holidays, anniversaries. This organization work is still continued by the Government under his direction.

During his visit, the Spanish composer was particularly interested in the radio operations in this country. His investigations were materially aided by both the National and Columbia Broadcasting systems. Both networks invited him to address their Spanish American listeners on the subject of modern Spanish music over their short-wave hook-up for South America.

His interest in broadcasting led me to inquire what part the radio played in the spread of news during the Civil War. The war, according to Father Otaño, was the occasion of extraordinary advances in the use of the radio in Spain. The official broadcasting hour daily was from 10:30 to 11:30 every night. As radios in private homes were limited in number, crowds flocked to cafes and restaurants to learn the latest news. During major operations

on the battlefronts, first-hand information was on the air continuously.

With war issues playing the major rôle in the affairs of Europe, my next inquiry had to do with Spain's reported position on neutrality. "The Spanish people," began Father Otaño, "are at one on the question of our country's attitude on the European War. We have seen war at close quarters, and we want no further part in it." Germany's aid in the way of war materials, he went on to say, had been paid in full. Spain has no further debt to pay, not even one of gratitude, which attitude has been further strengthened by the recent Nazi-Soviet alliance. This rapprochement had reacted strongly on the straight-thinking Spanish mind, since Russia is regarded as especially inimical to Spain. The effect, he concluded, would doubtless be reflected in future trade relations with Germany.

On the contrary, there has been a marked increase in friendliness between the French and Spaniards. During the war, feelings ran high because of French aid to the Communist-controlled Barcelona Government and the direct interference with Nationalist objectives. France, today, realizes what a catastrophe it would have been for her, were a Soviet-dominated Spain threatening her borders. This fact has done much to ease the feelings of hostility, long present, but materially augmented due to the Civil War. The French Government today feels secure in the integrity of Generalissimo Franco.

When the question of the refugee children was brought up, Father Otaño, always animated in his address, waxed angrily eloquent. "This is, without any doubt, the worst piece of devilry that has been perpetrated in modern times. The forcible expatriation of thousands of unoffending children! The Franco Government is bending every effort at its disposal to effect the return of these unfortunate children." Few of these children still remain in France, due to the conjoint efforts of both Governments. The children who were carried off to England and Belgium are gradually being sent back in groups of ten to twenty, and it is expected that the return of the remainder will be effected shortly.

"But what of the children taken to Mexico and Russia?" I asked.

"That," he replied, "is the greatest catastrophe Spain suffered during the war. We know there are about six or seven hundred in Mexico, but how many thousands of our children were carried off to Russia, we have no way of estimating. And the pity of it is that we have no means of effecting their return." But, he concluded, the Franco Government would leave no stone unturned in its efforts for these unfortunate children.

"What has happened to Gil Robles?" we asked. "As far as we have ascertained, he seemed to be in accord with the objectives of the Nationalist movement. Yet all during the war he remained outside the country mostly in Lisbon.

"By a singular coincidence I met him in Lisbon just before embarking on the Clipper. Yes, he is still residing in Lisbon. I have been intimately

acquainted with Gil Robles over a long period, and when I found that I had several hours to spare before flying for New York, I called on him and we had a long talk." Father Otaño then went on to remark that Gil Robles was entirely in accord with the policy of the Franco regime, but because of differences of opinion with certain leaders and political parties in the Government, the time was hardly opportune for his return to Spain. How soon these difficulties would be obviated he had no way of determining. It was revealing to learn that several of Gil Robles' adherents, followers of his school of thought, are presently serving the Government in the capacity of Ministers of Departments, as for example José Larraz, Minister of Finance, José Ibañez Martín, Minister of Education, and Ramón Serrano Suñer, Minister of Interior.

"Is it true," we continued with our questioning, "that a great part of the art treasures, which were confiscated by the Reds and removed to various parts of France and Switzerland, have been returned to Spain?"

"Yes, that is true. We have been, indeed, fortunate in getting back most of the art treasures that were taken from the public museums and art galleries. Of course, much of this has been rather seriously damaged because of improper packing and transportation. The Government has assigned our best artists and technicians to the work of restoring these works of art and locating them once again in their former galleries." The destruction of private collections, continued the composer, was beyond any effort to evaluate. Some pieces had been found in the National Museum at Madrid, piled up in helter-skelter fashion, which it would take years to segregate and return to their proper owners. This loss in Spanish art, however, was beyond doubt the worst piece of vandalism in many centuries, inasmuch as some of the finest works, located in churches and private galleries, have been destroyed beyond all recovery. "Spain's loss from an artistic standpoint is the world's loss."

At the conclusion of the interview, I sought to get some enlightenment on the Basque question, realizing that the defection of the Basques from the Catholic cause has remained a stumbling block to some Catholics in this country.

"Let me state," began Father Otaño, "that I myself am a Basque, and I think I can put the situation very briefly." With a resume of the origin of the Basque movement, he pointed out how the political and religious issues had become so involved that many of them believed the terms, Basque and Catholic, synonymous. "The more Basque one becomes, the more Catholic," was their boast. This confusion of politics and religion led them to be duped, primarily by Indalecio Prieto, into believing that the Republic intended conceding them complete independence. Gradually, with the progress of the war, the older and wiser heads, to their sorrow, realized the deception. The younger enthusiasts threw aside even their Catholic principles to blunder yet deeper, until it was too late. A scar of ill-will remains that only time will heal.

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. Secretary Wallace told a press conference in Berkeley, Calif., that the war situation made a third term for President Roosevelt necessary. . . . \$17,010,033,770 in gold, more than two-thirds of the world's monetary gold stock, was held by the Treasury. . . . As the second year of the Wages and Hours Law commenced, the mandatory minimum wage advanced from twenty-five to thirty cents an hour, maximum weekly hours decreased from forty-four to forty-two. The law affects workers in interstate commerce. . . . While the Bible presented by King George to the Hyde Park Episcopal Church, of which President Roosevelt is senior warden, was being dedicated at a special service, the President sat with bowed head, as the pastor, reading from a Canadian prayer book, prayed: "O Lord, most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold Thy most gracious sovereign, Lord, King George; . . . strengthen him that he may vanquish and overcome all his enemies." . . . The American merchant vessel, the *City of Flint*, owned by the United States Maritime Commission but leased to the United States Lines, en route from New York to English ports, was seized by a German warship, taken first to Tromsø, Norway, by a German prize crew and then to the Russian port of Murmansk on Kola Bay. The German prize crew were interned for a while but later released. To inquiry from Washington, Moscow replied that the American crew was safe. The ship was later released and sailed from Murmansk under German control. Article 23 of the Thirteenth Hague Convention permits neutral nations to allow prize ships in their ports. The United States never accepted this article. . . . A list released by the State Department disclosed that twelve American merchant vessels have been seized and searched by the British, six by France, three by Germany. Most of the ships were released after varying periods of detention.

THE CONGRESS. Referring to Secretary Wallace's advocacy of a third term for President Roosevelt, Senator Vandenberg remarked he could not understand why a war against dictatorship abroad was a reason for embracing "unprecedented executive authority at home." . . . Representative Cochran assailed the National Association of Broadcasters for banning discussions of controversial public issues on paid programs. People will always believe "that back of the decision was a desire to take Father Coughlin off the air," Mr. Cochran declared. . . . Representative Wolcott introduced a bill to prevent disguised lending by the Administration to any of the belligerent Governments. The measure, if passed, would forbid loans or credits to belligerents by the

RFC, the Export-Import Bank or any other Federal agency, and would likewise prohibit the Stabilization Fund from investing in currencies or securities of belligerent nations. . . . A proposal by Representative McDowell asked that a committee be appointed to tabulate the emergency powers possessed by the President under present laws, in view of the fact that Attorney General Murphy had refused to give full information on these powers to the Senate. . . . The following amendments to the Neutrality Bill were approved by the Senate: an amendment removing the ninety-day short credits to belligerents; another permitting American ships to carry non-military supplies and passengers to belligerent ports in the Pacific and other Eastern waters and in the Atlantic south of Bermuda; an amendment permitting American ships to enter Bermudian ports, and to reach New Brunswick and Nova Scotia through the Gulf of Maine and the Bay of Fundy; another permitting non-military goods to be shipped over inland routes to Canada without transfer of title in this country; one allowing similar shipments in American ships to belligerent ports in the Pacific and other Eastern waters, in the South Atlantic and to permissible Western Hemisphere points without transfer of title in this country; an amendment forbidding credits by American nationals to private citizens or companies in warring nations for purchases of arms and munitions.

DIES COMMITTEE. Dr. Harry F. Ward, general secretary of the American League for Peace and Democracy, appeared before the committee. He outlined Communist party financial contributions to the League. "I know there is no personal dictatorship in the Soviet Union," Dr. Ward said. Dr. Ward is also connected with the American Civil Liberties Union. . . . Fred Beal, former Communist party organizer, told the Committee of his flights to and from Russia. Returning from his first Russian trip, while he was still a fugitive from North Carolina police, he stayed for a month at the New Jersey farm of Roger Baldwin, head of the American Civil Liberties Union. On his second tour of Russia, he became appalled at the condition of the Russian workers and fled. In Berlin, Arthur Garfield Hays, of the American Civil Liberties Union, obtained funds for Beal's return to America. . . . Mrs. Clinton M. Barr, of Milwaukee, testified she resigned from the national committee of the American League for Peace and Democracy when a radio speech she was to give was censored by a Communist official. An attack on Hitler and the Soviet-Nazi pact was taken out of her speech and an attack on Father Coughlin substituted, she said. . . . Chairman Dies urged the State and Justice Departments to start prosecutions

of the Communist party and German-American Bund for violation of the law requiring registration of foreign agents. . . . Declaring that the American League for Peace and Democracy "was organized and is controlled by the Communist party," the Dies Committee published a list containing 563 names of Government employes, who, the Committee declared, are members of the League. Many of the individuals listed hold key positions in the Administration. Oscar Chapman, Assistant Secretary of the Interior; Louis Bolch, member of the Maritime Labor Board; Edwin S. Smith, member of the National Labor Relations Board; Mordecai Ezekiel, of the A.A.A., were some of the officials listed.

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AT HOME. The executive committee of the American League for Peace and Democracy refused by a vote of 14 to 1 to condemn the Soviet-Nazi pact and Soviet aggression in Poland. . . . The Supreme Court declined to review the District of Columbia District Court's decision dismissing the Federal Government's case against the American Medical Association. The District Court ruled that the medical profession was not engaged in "trade" under the meaning of the Sherman Act. The Government charged the A.M.A. with discrimination against the Group Health Association, Inc., a cooperative of Federal employes. The case will be brought again before the Supreme Court should the Circuit Court of Appeals approve the District Court's ruling. . . . Representative Pierce introduced a resolution into the House asking for a Congressional committee to investigate "the conducting of polls purporting to measure public opinion" on issues which may have a bearing on any election. . . . A C.I.O. auto union strike against the Chrysler Corporation involved 55,000 workers. . . . John J. Pelley, president of the American Association of Railroads, reported freight carloadings for the second week in October were the highest in nine years. . . . Earl Russell Browder, general secretary of the Communist party, Communist candidate for President in 1936, was indicted by a Federal grand jury in New York on a charge of twice using a passport obtained fraudulently.

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DIPLOMATIC FRONT. Joseph C. Grew, United States Ambassador to Japan, returning from a visit to America and a conference with President Roosevelt, spoke in Tokyo before a group of Japanese leaders. He said the American people "regard with growing seriousness the violation and interference with American rights by Japanese armed forces in China in disregard of treaties and agreements," adding that a Government cannot ignore such opinion "which will not fail to be reflected in its policies and actions." Japanese-American relations can be improved only when the situation is recognized and steps taken to ameliorate it, Mr. Grew declared. . . . Foreign Minister Nomura asserted that the "intention of the whole Japanese people to create a new order in East Asia is too powerful to be altered by the interference of a third Power." . . . Massing of the American fleet at Hawaii, increase

in the number of American submarines at Manila caused anger in Japanese naval circles. Said one high officer: "First there was abrogation of the trade treaty by Washington, then Grew's speech, then concentration of the United States warships at Hawaii and Manila." . . . Foreign Minister Nomura announced he would hold conferences with Ambassador Grew with the view of removing Japanese-American misunderstanding. . . . The Polish Government in Paris notified Washington it had protested to Lithuania over the latter's acceptance of Polish territory ceded by Russia. . . . Russia recognized the new Slovak Republic. . . . A German-Soviet trade agreement was signed in Moscow under which Russia will supply the Reich with 1,000,000 tons of grain and cereals. . . . Three ships filled with Germans being repatriated left Estonian ports for the Reich. . . . The Soviet Government handed a formal note to the British Ambassador protesting the British blockade. This blockade violated international law, the Soviet note asserted.

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NAZIS, SOVIETS. German Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop, speaking in Danzig, declared that the Reich had made a reasonable offer to Poland which had been rejected. He laid the guilt for the war on Britain. Having tried to avoid hostilities, Germany will now fight to the finish, he asserted. The Reich had always observed the Monroe Doctrine and there is no chance of any differences between the United States and Germany, he said, warning that the numerous British possessions in the Americas constituted a threat to the Doctrine. . . . A Berlin decree announced that more than 20,000 square miles of Polish territory will be annexed to the Reich on November 1. . . . The Polish Government located in Paris refused to recognize the seizure of its territory by Nazis and Soviets.

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FOOTNOTES. Berlin charged that the purpose of President Roosevelt's ban against submarines was to protect shipments of arms to Britain and France from attack. . . . Gold and silver chalices stolen by Loyalists from the Toledo Cathedral in Spain were recovered in a suburb of Paris. . . . The National Union Government of Premier Maurice Duplessis was defeated in the Province of Quebec, Canada. Duplessis had represented the issue involved as "French Canada's fight for survival." Victory for Duplessis would have been interpreted as an indication that Quebec disapproved of Canada's war measures. . . . The British Government officially excused Soviet aggression in Poland. . . . Pope Pius issued his first Encyclical on October 27, dated October 20, *Summi Pontificatus*. He showed the necessity for a just peace, for the sanctity of treaties, for a new order based on Divine Revelation. Denial of God leads to Governments which usurp the prerogatives "of the Supreme Maker," he declared. Poland, while "awaiting the hour of resurrection," deserves world-wide sympathy, the Pope said. He promised to do everything in his power to bring peace back to the world.

PEACE AND PRAYER

THE Poughkeepsie clergyman who, in the presence of President Roosevelt, prayed for King George and victory for the British arms, probably did not dream that his orisons would precipitate a minor verbal war in the Senate of the United States. No doubt, as a Senator remarked, should a German Lutheran minister hereafter publicly pray for Hitler and victory for the German arms, and that in the presence of the President, the incident might precipitate a major war—of course, in words only.

It must be remembered that the clergy who minister to our separated brethren are often hard put to it to find ways and means of luring their flocks into green fields. Hence it is not surprising that they now and then mistake barren acres for vast expanses of lush herbage, or that both they and their flocks go hungry. It is not often, however, that a President of the United States is among them.

Most of us have our preference among the beligerents, and it is natural that we should express it. It is all but certain that despite this preference, an overwhelming majority of Americans are determined that the United States shall take no part in the present war. While, then, talking about who *ought* to win the war (knowing all the time that no one ever wins a war) may be perfectly natural, and to a certain extent inevitable, it is far better to keep our views to ourselves, especially should we happen to be teachers, clergymen, public officials, or persons in some other influential position. We may not invite war by publicly talking about it, but such talk does tend to create what one of our columnists has styled "war-mindedness." What we need now is "peace-mindedness."

If we may emulate, in an humble way, the example of the Poughkeepsie clergyman, it seems to us that the letter of the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of England and Wales, published in the October issue of the *Christian Democrat*, gives us some leads which we may wisely follow. The Bishops begin their brief epistle by exhorting their flocks to pray for peace. "It is prayer, precisely," they quote from the Encyclical of Pius XI, *Caritate Christi Compulsi*, "that, according to the Apostle, will bring the gift of peace; prayer that is addressed to the Heavenly Father Who is the Father of all men; prayer that is the common expression of family feeling, of that great family which extends beyond the boundaries of any country or continent." Hence this prayer must not be restricted. It must include "also our enemies, so many of whom are engaged against us with good conscience." For, write the Bishops, "hatred is contrary to that serene and generous spirit to which the charity of Christ compels us."

What will help us is not war talk, but "that serene and generous spirit" which inspires us to pray for peace throughout the world, and forbids us to bear hatred in our hearts against any nation. That spirit will do more to keep us out of war than the wisest schemes of diplomats.

EDITOR

HOME NEWS

ONCE Congress has finished the special work for which the President summoned it, Congress should remain in session. The tasks which fall to the President overtax the strength of any man, and they are not made lighter by the hurly-burly in Europe. While taking its constitutional part in the conduct of foreign affairs, Congress might spare a few hours for the consideration of domestic problems. These are neither few nor simple, and they will grow more complex as this war continues. After all, the first business of an American Congress is to care for American interests.

CENSORSHIP

MUCH of the controversy on the question of who may buy time on the radio, and who may not, would disappear were Father Coughlin eliminated. Perhaps it is more correct to write that had Father Coughlin retired last year, the controversy would never have arisen.

Significant is one of the angles from which this question is discussed. Various societies which have steadily championed an altogether untenable theory on the freedom of everyone to express his opinions anywhere, at any time, on any subject, and in terms which he deems appropriate to the topic and the occasion, now fall over one another in hasty retreat from their theory, as often as Father Coughlin's name comes up. Prominent among these groups is that piebald champion of freedom, the American Civil Liberties Union.

Their contention, as we understand it, is that unhampered freedom of speech is a right which belongs to every man, citizen or alien, with one exception. The Bill of Rights, and the provisions of our several State Constitutions, specifically, or at least by necessary implication, exclude Father Coughlin. The sentiment attributed to Voltaire and so often on their lips: "I disagree with what you say, but I will fight to the death for your right to say it," is acceptable only when it is clearly understood that Father Coughlin has no right to say anything on any topic.

Since this controversy really involves serious difficulties for which a remedy must be speedily found, the injection of personalities is most re-

LABOR'S ARMISTICE

FOLLOWING the disavowal of Communists in the C.I.O. by John L. Lewis, comes the report that the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. will soon gather to smoke the pipe of peace. Mr. Lewis, it is said, seeing his organization seriously weakened by internal dissension and by attacks from without, is ready to come to terms. If personal ambitions are kept out of the conference there is no reason why an agreement, satisfactory to both camps, cannot be reached. Each group has its place in the American labor field, and its peculiar work. Each has much to gain by united action for the worker's welfare.

HIP THE RADIO

grettable. When the Bill of Rights was written, Americans spoke their minds in public on the platform, in pamphlets, or in letters and other contributions to the press. These early Americans recognized, therefore, that the press must be kept free from control by the Government. Today, the situation has changed, so that, as some think, the means most commonly used for the dissemination of opinion is not the press but the radio. In the national campaign of 1924, the radio was used to a limited extent. In the last campaign, this service was so highly developed that candidates could address millions of hearers in a single speech. The influence of the radio is destined to grow.

Yet this great means of public expression is subject to a two-fold censorship, sometimes indirectly applied, but always powerful. One need not be a devoted follower of Father Coughlin to see that the radio chains have yielded to a pressure group, simply because the members of this group disagree with Father Coughlin's opinions. But to this commercial censorship, bad as it is, must be added the censorship exerted by the Federal Commission which twice yearly grants or withholds the radio station's license to operate.

It is hard to exaggerate the serious menace to rightful freedom in this double censorship. Today, the victim is Father Coughlin. Tomorrow, it may be another Washington or Lincoln who strives to denounce a national dictatorship established on the ruins of the American Constitution.

BROWDER AT THE BAR

AT long last, the Federal Department of Justice has moved against the titular head of the Communists in this country, Mr. Earl Browder. In an indictment returned by a grand jury in New York on October 23, it is recited that on or about April 30, 1937, "Earl Russell Browder, alias George Morris, alias Nicholas Dozenberg, unlawfully, wilfully and knowingly" used a passport which had been issued in consequence of a false statement made under oath. It is charged that Mr. Browder deposed on April 30, 1937, that he had never applied for a passport before, whereas in fact he had on two previous occasions obtained passports as George Morris and Nicholas Dozenberg.

An indictment is nothing more than an accusation made after an *ex parte* statement. It is not evidence of guilt, and ordinarily the indicted man may claim that he should be considered innocent in fact, as he is in law, until his guilt has been established in open court by a jury of his peers. Hence, while we express no opinion as to the truth of the charges set forth in the indictment, Mr. Browder's assertions of complete innocence are at least open to doubt, since in his testimony before the Dies Committee he admitted that he had traveled under a passport which did not bear his legal name. Any citizen who has applied for a passport is well aware that while mistakes may occur from time to time, the honest applicant will insist that they be corrected at once. The last thing he wishes to do is to travel under a dubious passport.

It is to be expected that Communists will raise the cry of "persecution." The State chairman for the party in New York, Mr. Israel Amter, has already issued a statement in which he asserts that the indictment of Mr. Browder, and the removal of his (Mr. Amter's) name from the ballot to be used at the forthcoming city elections, "are an attempt through legal pretexts to silence the Communist Party, preparatory to destroying the democratic rights of all Americans." This position is somewhat extreme. The Browder indictment was obtained under due process, and to secure a passport under a false name by the use of perjury has never been considered one of "the democratic rights" which belong to every American.

As to the removal of Mr. Amter's name from the ballot, this was ordered by the courts, after Mr. Amter had been given ample opportunity to present his case, on the ground that under the State law the preliminary petitions had not been properly filled out. Mr. Amter is still free to seek the office he has in view, and if a sufficiently large number of electors vote for him, he will be elected. The courts did him no wrong in holding that the names of the Communist candidates cannot, at least for this election, be printed on the official ballot. They can, of course, be "written in" by any voter.

In themselves, these two cases are hardly of national importance. But great issues may be incidentally involved in actions in which the immediate interests are by no means grave.

We are not ready to accept at their face value all the anti-Communist statements which have been made before the Dies Committee since, in our opinion, such statements unless subjected at once to skilled cross-examination, are accusations rather than evidence of guilt. Still, enough has been shown to warrant the suspicion that American Communism is not a political party, but a faction whose purposes are wholly at variance with the American theory of government. Hence the Government is justified in going beyond the Browder indictment to investigate Communists in other parts of the country.

The Department of Justice is not interested in the political creed of these suspects, or in their theories of government. Its sole interest is to discover whether or not certain individuals accused of crimes under the Federal statutes, are guilty or innocent. If found guilty, they will be punished, not because they are Communists, but because they are criminals. Incidentally, however, these investigations will help to decide the question whether or not men whose political creed tends to subvert the political philosophy of the Constitution, can properly be accorded the status of a political party.

To repeat, then, what we have said on other occasions, we are not particularly interested in seeing any Communist pleading at the bar. But we are deeply interested in any information which may throw light on the alliances and the activities in this country of the Communist party.

HEAD OF THE CORNER

FROM time to time some teacher or executive in a professional school will assert that the training given his charges is making them narrow-minded barbarians. Usually, he does not wish to be taken too seriously. He has just been exasperated by a young lawyer who knows nothing about history, a young physician who has never heard of Aristotle, a young engineer who cannot write a report in recognizable English. But he does not wish his complaint to be set aside unheard.

The aggrieved teacher has a case. Usually he deals with a pupil who by grace of a wide elective system, and by dint of "saving up" credits, has come out of college with a bachelor's degree. He cannot spell, because colleges do not teach that useful art; he knows nothing of philosophy, since he was allowed to substitute a course in the modern novel; and he has forgotten what the Monroe Doctrine is, for he last heard about it in his freshman year. His present job, he thinks, is to bone up on law, medicine, or engineering, and the humanistic studies may go hang.

Dr. E. S. Burdell, of Cooper Union, recently told an engineering group that humanistic studies in the engineering schools would help in a profession which requires "calm judgment, understanding, and broadmindedness." Perhaps hereafter the professional schools will take up what the typical American college has rejected.

SIMPLE FAITH

WHAT will appeal to us as we read tomorrow's Gospel (Saint Matthew, ix, 18-26) is the simple faith of Our Lord's two petitioners. Neither had the slightest doubt that the Master would grant what was asked. One, Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, put his prayer in words: "Lord, my daughter is even now dead: but come, lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live." Jesus rewarded this faith by going to the house of Jairus, where he found the mourners "making a rout," at the bedside of the little girl who lay there dead. "Give place," He bids them, "for the girl is not dead, but sleepeth." In their incredulity, they "laughed him to scorn," but Jesus takes the child's hand, and drawing her back from the gates of death, restores her to her joyful parents.

It was Our Lord's purpose, doubtless, to give another proof to the bystanders and their friends (for the story "went abroad into all that country") that He was very God. But He also gave us a proof that in answer to the prayer of simple Faith He will work a miracle. While the miracle is evidence for His Divinity, it affords equal evidence of His willingness to answer prayer, and of the love of His Heart for all in affliction.

The other petitioner did not, like Jairus, speak to Our Lord. "For she said within herself: if I shall touch only his garment I shall be healed." Her lips were silent, but the prayer in her heart was compellingly eloquent. She was poor, she had suffered long, and she had met with disappointment as often as she had sought human aid. But she was perfectly certain that Jesus would not disappoint her. As she drew near to touch the hem of His garment, Our Lord, looking upon her, said: Be of good heart, daughter: thy faith hath made thee whole."

We learn from the Gospel that this poor woman had suffered for twelve years from an incurable ailment. Saint Mark writes that she "had suffered many things from physicians; and had spent all that she had, and was nothing the better, but rather worse." (v, 26) Saint Luke, himself a physician, reports that she "had bestowed all her substance on physicians, and could not be healed by any." (viii, 43) We do not know her name, or what became of her after she met the Divine Physician. What we do know is that three of the Evangelists have preserved the story of her simple Faith in Jesus, to be told again and again until the end of time.

In many respects, her story has a familiar ring. We have our sick who have spent their substance for medical care, and have found no cure. What will help these poor sufferers far more than medicine is Faith in Our Lord. If a cure is for their eternal welfare, the prayer of Faith will secure it. If Jesus wishes them to be His followers along the road to Calvary, He will not indeed lift the cross from their shoulders. He will help them to carry it, and teach them to see in it not days of pain and nights of wakeful loneliness, but the sign of His love wherewith He marks all those who are in His Heart forever.

CORRESPONDENCE

ANTI-CELTIC

EDITOR: Good for J. H. B. Hoffmann! If his statements (AMERICA, October 21) be pugnacious, then so, I hope, are mine.

I'm a little tired of the pugnacity being all on the other side. I'm more than a little fed up with this Irish-American hostility to England. It seems to me about time that the much-vaunted purity and steadfastness of Irish-Catholicism extend its vigor to embrace some much-needed charity.

It doesn't seem to occur to this race of unforgiving Christians that some Catholic readers and subscribers have English blood flowing through their veins, are justly proud of it and resent quite naturally this tiresome abuse of the English, who by the way are no longer the bold, bad men of Europe and of the Seven Seas.

If Irish-Catholics would be logical, let them assail the real villains. Let them vent their perennially pugnacious spirit against two really deserving enemies, Hitler and Stalin—enemies of our Faith as well as of our democracy.

Cincinnati, Ohio

MARION RIECKELMAN SOLDATI

PRO-ALLY

EDITOR: An Allied victory is essential for the welfare of civilization as we understand it. Can England and France achieve such victory unaided? If defeated, what will be the position of the United States?

Please do not think that I believe that England and France have deliberately taken up this struggle to protect Christianity or the Church. Indeed, to the great percentage of those in power in those countries the Church is of no consequence. But is not this struggle in effect a struggle to crush the enemies of God?

It so happens that most of my forefathers came from Ireland. From childhood I learned and heard of English persecution of Ireland. But I cannot believe that the England of today is typical of the England that was guilty of these persecutions. And again, events of the past seven weeks have proven that small nations need protectors. Can any one who has inherited a love for Ireland believe that the Germany as represented by Hitler would be a preferable protector to England?

It is my hope and prayer that no more nations will be drawn into this terrible hell. However, it seems to me that if the Allied powers seem to be facing defeat we should eventually come to their support. I think it can be definitely stated that England and France did not want this war. They had no choice. On the other hand, I recall that the first World War settled nothing, only brought about this war. But again England and France did

not desire that war. It was handed to them. It is also true that they endeavored to profit from it.
New York, N. Y. H.

PRO-PEACE

EDITOR: J. H. B. Hoffmann asks (AMERICA, October 21): "Why are American Catholics at present so overwhelmingly opposed to participating in a war against Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia?"

Well, I cannot speak for the overwhelming majority. But I can speak for this old man who has lived for thirty-seven years in various countries on the Continent and for every Catholic with whom I have discussed the question for the past six months. We are opposed to Mr. Hoffmann's program because we want peace, a lasting peace and because we are convinced that Mr. Hoffmann's program, if carried out, will not lead to such a peace but to a repetition of the tragic cycle through which we have lived for the past twenty-five years.

Mr. Hoffmann says: "The Nazis and Bolsheviks are now on the same side." But are they, definitely? The democracies are still wooing Stalin; and Winston Churchill says that "it was necessary that Russia should hold the line which she now holds." She will certainly be on that line at the end. If the end is to be what Mr. Hoffmann hopes from American participation, Russian Communism will be a greater menace than it is now or has been since 1917. It may easily extend to Germany and France, too.

We want a lasting peace. There is now a fair opportunity to make it. There is no fundamental difference, in respect to the means for making it, between the speech of Lloyd-George in the Commons and the speech of Hitler in the Reichstag. And if the Allies did not still believe in our eventual participation, they would agree to take those means.

Mr. Hoffmann thinks that the traditional Irish hostility to England may be the cause of our blindness. Well, I would not deny that to be the motive, at least a motive, of a small number of Americans with Irish patronymics. But that does not account for the "overwhelming," which he concedes. It does not explain the practical unanimity of bishops, clergy, Catholic press and lay organizations. If there be a few with Irish names who are motivated by hostility to England, I suspect, on the other hand, there are some Catholics with German names who fear they may become suspect if they do not proclaim in advance their loyalty to the more vociferous *isms*, even before "it may be necessary for America to enter the war to save Great Britain and France."

Another reason for the practical unanimity of Catholics is, I believe, this: Especially since the

last war they are one of the groups who in foreign policy are less swayed by insidious propaganda or by international and racial prejudice. Still another reason is that they are not hypocrites. When they say we should keep out of the war, they mean it. The whole country is saying that now. If Mr. Hoffmann really believes that they are all sincere in saying it, I am at a loss to know why he laments that the Catholics join in the universal chorus.

Elmira, N. Y.

OWEN B. MCGUIRE

ANTI-EUROPEAN

EDITOR: Allow me to make a short answer to Mr. Hoffmann's question (October 21): It is none of our business to become entangled in European quarrels; they have been at it for a thousand years and will continue so in spite of peace treaties and pleas of the Holy Father.

The trouble with many United States citizens is they are more European-minded; and if they are so sympathetic for Europe's people, let me suggest that they forswear citizenship here and don the military uniform of one of the belligerents. There is too much let-George-do-it smugness among our Congress members and swivel-chair executives willing to send unwilling young men to slaughter while they themselves enjoy safe comfort in the United States.

Detroit, Mich.

JOHN HOBERG

PRO-CANADIAN

EDITOR: We don't like your attitude on the lifting of the embargo over here. Or your attitude generally on the present World War. We don't consider it a European war solely.

When the contest is between God and Satan, Christianity and atheism, we think our first line of defense is over with France and Britain—at least in sympathy and in every way short of actual conscription.

Ontario, Canada.

R. C. J.

ANTI-EVERYTHING

EDITOR: I tax the editors of AMERICA, on the occasion of their College Poll, with evidencing not their desire for truth but their infection with the ways of the world—our steamy, silly American world.

Polls don't prove anything. And open forums don't air anything. And surveys don't inform anyone. These are all the reliquary poisons in the body of this secularist and democratic nation of shopkeepers.

New York, N. Y.

DAVID GORDON

DEMOLISHER

EDITOR: Senator Vandenberg has forwarded to me his speech on neutrality. Unlike our Catholic publicists, he does not impute evil designs to those who oppose his views.

In my reply I have demolished to my own satisfaction all his arguments against repeal of the embargo clause.

But he quotes the following passage of our Secretary of State, writing to the German Ambassador in 1916:

This Government holds, in view of the present indisputable doctrine of accepted international law, that any change in its own laws of neutrality during the progress of a war which would affect unequally the relations of the United States with the nations at war would be an unjustified departure of strict neutrality.

This settles the case. If this principle is accepted by all civilized nations, it is evident that we cannot at present repeal the embargo. But it is a poor law that does not work both ways. By the same principle we are also forbidden to pass the cash and carry.

This is probably what our President had in mind when he said that the Committee which failed to bring out the neutrality law was gambling that there would be no war before January.

Hancock, Mich.

(REV.) MICHAEL NIVARD

MISSALS

EDITOR: About the use of a missal at funerals and weddings (AMERICA, October 21).

We have distributed leaflet missals at these Masses for the last ten years. And they are used extensively. If the fact that a number of booklets are taken home is any further indication of interest, they must be popular.

Moline, Ill.

C.

TERMS

EDITOR: You are rendering a real service in consistently and courageously correcting Franklin D. Roosevelt when he refers to himself as the "head of the nation." Will you not also undertake to set him right when he presents himself to the American people as "your Government"?

In his fireside chat after the outbreak of war in Europe and on numerous other occasions he has informed the American citizenry as to what "your Government" had done, was doing, or proposed to do. Any survey of his published addresses will reveal the constant use of "your Government" when he was referring simply and really to himself personally, himself as President, or—at most—his Administration. There was a king once upon a time who asserted that he was the state, but surely President Roosevelt does not mean to say that he is the Government. Yet he has been saying exactly that.

Biddeford, Me.

DAN GILBERT

FOR FRAMING

EDITOR: *The Cleaners, Rolled-Sleeve Brigade* (AMERICA, October 14), was a splendid little article about a beautiful custom. The writer is to be congratulated.

May I suggest that this piece be printed for framing in the sacristies or vestibules of our churches?

Holy Rosary Mission, S. Dak. P. F. SIALM, S.J.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

RETROSPECT REVIEWS OF BELLOC: FOUR MEN AND MERCY OF ALLAH

J. G. E. HOPKINS

RETROSPECTIVE reviewing, that is, the appraisal of a book at an interval of time after its first appearance, is a practice for which a deal can be said. For one thing, the reviewer is less apt to be swept off his feet by ballyhoo or prejudice or reputation of the moment. Let us imagine, for instance, what a joy it would be to review Mr. Wells' *Outline of History*, now that that monstrosity has been exposed to the general criticism of scholars over a period of almost twenty years. There are, again, some books which might be hauled up perennially for censure as a sort of horrible example, not only for their own authors but for prospective authors of bad books. A periodical slating of Lord Macaulay's *History of England*, possibly in the manner of His Lordship's own essay on Montgomery, might do much to deter the publication of partisan propaganda passing itself off as history, a practice which is so profitable a branch of the literary business at this writing. There might be profit to critics, too, if we could compel them to reread and recriticize the novels they hailed five years ago as the highest products of the novelist's art.

There is a happier side to the proposition. Many good books receive inadequate notice on their first publication; they succeed in finding a small, devoted public, but for want of proper advertisement they never attain the popularity they deserve. This happens very often to works by authors of considerable reputation, for literary fame seems to crystallize about one or two representative works. Mark Twain wrote *Roughing It*, as well as *Tom Sawyer*; Thackeray's *Roundabout Papers* represent one side of his genius, just as *Vanity Fair* does another; for one admirer of the *Master of Ballantrae*, there are a thousand who know Stevenson only in *Treasure Island*.

The celebrity of Hilaire Belloc as apologist and biographer has distracted attention in great part from the other sides of his literary character. His theories and opinions on economics have won him just as many enemies as his uncompromising Catholicism, and most readers seem to regard him as a papistical John Bull, face flintily set against the

modern dogmas of progress, purse-pride and sentimental thinking. This is true enough and does Mr. Belloc honor, but it is an incomplete judgment. There are his poems, his books for children, those two travel-books of genius, *The Path to Rome* and *Esto Perpetua*. Finally, there are the two books I have chosen for a retrospective review, *Mercy of Allah*, and that strange and beautiful fantasy, *The Four Men*.

Mercy of Allah appeared first in 1922. Perhaps I am incorrect in assuming that it has not shared the popularity of its author's other works; possibly it has run into many editions and men have taken it to their bosoms. I doubt this, for it is a book at once irritating and uproarious, subtle and slapstick. Though I happen to think that it is a small masterpiece, I can readily understand that such an astringent dose would not suit a public given in its fictional preferences either to photographic realism or to sentimental lushness.

The book consists of a series of stories that are in the great tradition of satire, the large-minded, witty satire that depends on ideas and not upon personalities. There is something of *Candide* about it; something of *Vathek* and the *Arabian Nights*. An odd mixture certainly, but a distinguished one.

In the days of Abd-er-Rahman, begins the first story, there lived in Bagdad a merchant named Mahmoud, a man of immense wealth and influence. In that same city, lived also Mahmoud's brother, a necessitous and hard-working physician whose practice was almost exclusively among the poor of the town. This physician had seven sons, and he pleaded with his wealthy brother to explain to the children the secret of getting on in the world. Mahmoud agrees, as it will cost him nothing, and the fourteen *contes* which follow explain the methods and ventures whereby Mahmoud had made himself a great man. The course of treachery, murder, lying, theft and deceit, which the merchant sets piously forth in the immemorial, airy style of Eastern tales, parodies most of the abuses, business dodges and financial abominations of our own time. Out of his own mouth, attributing in humble phrases everything that he has to the ever-present

mercy of Allah, Mahmoud convicts himself as the lowest and cheapest of scoundrels.

The seven little boys sit at his feet, marveling, and admiring their uncle's skill. Only the eldest of them, and the slowest of wit, is bothered by his uncle's gracious explanation of the way to wealth; he insists on asking embarrassing questions. The end of the fourteenth tale finds the youngest nephew received into high favor, for his cleverness in presenting a forged draft and collecting on it from Mahmoud's treasury.

The point of the satire is obvious. Mahmoud stands for a type of those great, modern figures of what is called generically finance; the men who have ruined all of us, men soulless, countryless, unscrupulous, whose activities are legion, yet unnoticed by the majority of men. In the tale entitled, *Al Kantara, or the Bridge*, Belloc satirizes with bitter wit those self-appointed "civic leaders" whose demands for public improvements are motivated by the foregone assurance that they will receive the contracts for construction. *The New Quarter of the City* deals with speculation in real property and the creation of false values by judicious ballyhoo. *The Money Made of Paper* explains itself. The despoiled country wherefrom Mahmoud flees in the thirteenth tale is, of course, England. The author takes his protagonist from point to point, first in poverty, then affluent; now deprived of his ill-gotten gains for a space, but finally triumphant and arrogant. There is never a weak link in the chain of iniquity.

Read simply as a story with the moral left out, the *Mercy of Allah* is extremely funny. The bland and pious character of Mahmoud's discourse, the interruptions of the nephews, the conventional politeness of all the characters, the adroitness whereby Belloc relates the trickery of an Oriental merchant to the larger-scale operations of our international money men, all these are most artistically done. Naturally, the book has faults. The form requires the complete fall of the action at the end of each episode, and so is broken the unity of impression. Yet, as a make-weight to this objection, there may be offered the simple, flawless style which Belloc uses so masterfully. Only a great stylist can invest simple language alternately with irony, with humor and with pity.

The Four Men, on the other hand, is not so witty, but it is more human than the *Mercy of Allah*. It is an earlier work of its author; it appeared first in 1912. To my mind, it is the most poetical work Mr. Belloc has written; it sings to the heart.

In form, *The Four Men* is a sort of Rabelaisian allegory, a book that carries the reader along not by narrative skill but by the sheer power of personality. It is not conceived and executed in high spirits, as is *The Path to Rome*; its mood is reflective and sad, and its subject is the realization by a man of the death of youth. The four men of the title are the four sides of the author's personality. There is, first, the character named Myself, the common-sense man of affairs, the author as he appears to the world. There is, also, that hidden part of him whom he names in this story Grizzlebeard—the

disillusioned and considering philosopher who exists in all of us. The Sailor next, the man of the winds and the sea, the adventurer. And lastly the Poet, who is snubbed and despised by all the rest. These four men meet and agree to walk across the county of Sussex in company, that Sussex which has been celebrated so often in Belloc's writing as the chief place of all the world.

On the thirtieth of October, the four men begin their journey together, and, as they walk, they tell one another of many things—the legend of Saint Dunstan and the Devil, the sorrow occasioned by the loss of friendship, the worst things and the best things in mortal life. They press on through the clear, cold October weather by side roads and woods roads, singing together and talking together until the close of the day: "The sky was already of an apple green to the westward, and in the eastern blue there were stars. There also shone what had not yet appeared upon that windless day, a few small, wintry clouds, neat and defined in heaven. Above them the moon, past her first quarter but not yet full, was no longer pale, but began to make a cold glory; and all that valley of Adur was a great and solemn sight to see as we went forward upon our adventure that led nowhere and away."

There is not space to tell of the marvelous talk of the four men, their discussion on the mission of the pig, on the curing of pig meat, the excellence of inns and the celebration of notable inns. Nor have we time for the great war between Sussex and Kent and the battle of Battle wherein the quarrel was resolved; for the lovely description of first love as given by Grizzlebeard; for the decision of Mr. Justice Honeybubble. It should be said, however, that a good deal of Belloc's verse appears first in this book, and notably the *Song of the Pelagian Heresy*. Finally, when the four men have finished their journey upon All Souls' Day, when the Sailor and the Poet and Grizzlebeard have bade farewell to Myself and faded into the mist of a gray November morning, Myself trudges through the dead and fallen leaves upon the wooded uplands and he considers: "I was in that attitude of mind wherein men admit mortality; something had already passed from me—I mean that fresh and vigorous morning of the eyes wherein the beauty of this land had been reflected as in a tiny mirror of burnished silver. Youth was gone out apart; it was loved and regretted, and therefore no longer possessed." He recalls the golden companionship of his three vanished comrades and composes a poem in praise of his own county of Sussex and the permanence of earthly associations, though men may dwindle and die.

It is not easy to describe or exhibit the charm of this book. I read it first some while ago and I have reread it many times since. To me, it has always seemed a book richly mature and wise, as well as witty and amusing, a book ideal for reading by young men who are finding their transition from the ways of youth to the ways of manhood not a little complicated by disillusion and an honest resentment. It is comforting to find that our experiences are not unique.

BOOKS

HISTORICAL FICTION THAT MISREPRESENTS FACTS

THE NAZARENE. By Sholem Asch. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75

THE first sentences of this novel provide the setting of the whole. "If the lore of the transmigration of souls is a true one, then these, between their exchange of bodies, must pass through a sea of forgetfulness . . . under the lordship of the Angel of Forgetfulness . . . (who) sometimes himself forgets to remove from our memories the records of the former world." The Angel forgot in the case of the Catholic Pan Viadomsky, a reincarnation of Cornelius, Pilate's captain. The Pan tells (and relives) his experiences in the days of Christ to Jochanan, an ancient pupil of Nicodemus, reincarnated in a modern Polish Jew.

The last scene of the novel symbolizes the spirit and purpose of the whole. The Pan has just died. Jochanan places on his calmed heart the field flowers, brought, in sympathetic charity, by a little Jewish girl from the Jewish cemetery. Let Christian and Jew forget their enmities, the author seems to say, and through the 700 pages he has been striving to this goal. Hence the portrait of Christ is sympathetically drawn. But it is not completely drawn.

The novelist draws heavily on the Four Gospels. He has composed for fictional purposes a Gospel of Judas Iscariot who enters largely into the story. This part borrows much from the authentic Four; it adds much in a scriptural vein. As literature, this and the other two parts of the novel are excellent; as romance, they are distinctly impressionistic and tendentious history.

For Pan Viadomsky is now suffering the mental anguish of his former sins in Palestine. It was he, the Roman, who was the first to suspect Rome's danger in Jesus of Nazareth. He aroused the fears of the willing Pilate; he arrested Jesus in the Garden; through him Pilate forced crafty Caiaphas to the hasty night trial, the condemnation, and the handing over of the condemned prophet for Roman execution. Caiaphas was malicious, but the better Jews reprobated the injustice.

Now all this is not allowable romance. Pure fiction deals with puppets; historical fiction deals with persons, and persons retain their rights to be represented as they were. Sholem Asch fails in big ways and in little ways to observe this canon. Thus the figure of Jesus suffers, mostly by omissions. The claims He made to Divinity are too shadowy; the Resurrection is heard only in rumor, and after hints that seem to say either He did not die, or only lived somehow in the souls of disciples; many of the cures are faith healing. Mary Magdalene is portrayed as subject to swoons and trances. Lazarus, risen, walks about like a mummy with an electric coil to kick out his arms and legs. In general, one is not impressed that the group about Christ is normal.

But to pass to the fundamental issue. Rome is blamed for the death of Christ. True, Pilate said the word, called a lesser sin by the Condemned. History tells us the tale. Pilate was coerced. Caiaphas and his Sadducean following of high priests contrived the death. Jewish police were sent by Caiaphas to arrest Christ. A Jewish court, numerically stronger in Pharisees, gave sentence of death. Sadducees and Pharisees joined in the deed, Caiaphas for the ignoble purpose of saving his power, some Pharisees, more honorably, for what only too blindly they fancied was faith and loyalty to God.

The defects are the more deplorable because the novel is so beautifully written. The Palestine of Christ lives again vividly. The thoughts and actions of the men of

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WILLIAM J. MCGARRY

A CAREER WORTH A NOVEL

AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$3

IT seems to be the prerogative of all successful people of the present era to tell others how they reached that state. Was it heredity, environment, luck? Mr. Milne traces his success back to the day when his father, a schoolteacher, met his mother, also a schoolteacher. That, he says, was his most important and lucky hour.

The present volume, after recording a precocious childhood that found pleasure in higher mathematics, turns dutifully to days at Public School, then to three years at Cambridge University. To all intents and purposes young Alan Milne was to be a schoolteacher, possibly go in for Civil Service. The bombshell broke when, at the age of twenty-three, he informed his family he was going to London to write.

Mr. Milne's story is a kindly one and he refrains from throwing a spotlight on the private lives of his friends. Unlike several modern autobiographies, it is the story of his own life, not a chronicle of the sensational in other lives. One differs from Milne on the matter of whether or not hell exists. One does not differ from him on the matter of good taste in writing.

Alan Milne's first year of freelancing in London brought him twenty pounds. Two years later he was assistant editor of *Punch*, at a salary of five hundred pounds. Here he remained eight years, establishing himself solidly with the British public as a writer of humorous verse and fiction. Later he achieved fame as a dramatist, as well as with his celebrated juvenile, *Winnie the Pooh*.

Mr. Milne, now fifty-seven years old, has had a life which would make a good novel in itself. But, as is fashionable nowadays, he has preferred to write an autobiography instead.

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

IN THE THROES OF INTERNAL DECAY

MEXICO. AN OBJECT LESSON. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50

THE avowed purpose of this book is to examine why it was that last summer a small and almost friendless Republic jubilantly recalled its Minister from London, and why the people of England were more indignant when freighters, British only in name, were sunk in Spanish waters, than when a "rich and essential British industry" was openly stolen in time of peace. The second purpose is slighted inasmuch as it appears to be dismissed with the casual remark that since the Empire is worldwide it is confronted with many problems which overshadow the interests of one particular oil company. To answer the first query the author, an acknowledged conservative, undertook a brief sojourn in Mexico. This interesting and provocative book is the fruit of his observations and inquiries.

After brief chapters on "Tourist Mexico" and "Political Mexico" by way of background a long chapter on "Oil" sketches the industry in Mexico, with particular emphasis on the fortunes of Viscount Cowdray and

the Mexican Eagle Co., victims of appropriation by President Cárdenas. "The Good Neighbor" dwells on the obstacles to good feeling stemming from colonial days and traces the "disastrous epoch of American interference in Mexican affairs on humanitarian grounds." "Plan Sexenal" discusses the six year plan and the exhibit in Mexico City, which is characterized as a clever mixture of propaganda and deliberate misrepresentation. Finally, "The Straight Fight" comments on the savage religious persecution conducted by a militantly atheistic minority.

Mr. Waugh concludes that geographically, financially and politically Mexico is a distinct menace to the United States. Mexico is in the throes of internal decay every phase of which is marked by a step towards the Left. The predominance of materialism and the absence of a true conservatism account for the disintegration. How far the decay has affected the body politic, social and moral we may gather from the following indictment: "... every year it is becoming hungrier, wickeder, and more hopeless; the great buildings of the past are falling in ruins; the jungle is closing in and the graves of the pioneers are lost in the undergrowth; the people are shrinking back to the riverbanks and railheads; they are being starved in the mountains and shot in back yards, dying without God."

Mr. Waugh leaves the realm of fact when he expresses the belief that within a hundred years Mexico will form part of the United States, as well as when he says that "In France and the United States it is unusual for respectable citizens to go into politics." In deference to the American reading public American equivalents should have been substituted for definitely British terms, some of which may be unintelligible on this side of the Atlantic. Nevertheless those who wish a straightforward presentation of conditions and policies south of the Rio Grande should read and ponder this stimulating book.

CHARLES H. MWTZGER

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

SPOKEN IN THE MARKET PLACE. By the Rev. John K. Sharp. Joseph F. Wagner, Inc. \$2.25

SERMONS can be pretty tedious, though there have been hardy souls whose sabbatical reading was steadily confined to a volume of sermons. However, there is nothing tedious about Father Sharp's collection of sermons, because they literally were spoken in the market place. Or, if that seem too far fetched, they were first published in a Brooklyn daily newspaper, and Brooklyn people do not like dull reading.

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HENRY WATTS

FRANCE. By Wladimir D'Ormesson. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2

AS one of the *Ambassadors at Large* series this book endeavors to give a clear and authoritative statement of the foreign policy of each world power during the past twenty years. M. D'Ormesson, a French commentator on foreign affairs, writes an admittedly partisan account of the French quest for security from the Armistice till April, 1939. It is axiomatic with him that there was no spirit of *revanche* after the Franco-Prussian War and that Germany was the sole cause of the World War, two

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facts which are not universally accepted by dispassionate historians. His thesis then becomes *Vae Victis*: all imposed treaties are just, and any modifications of those treaties on the part of the imposing powers are concessions. Thus the question of reparations, the occupation of the Ruhr, Locarno Pact, Stresa, M. Barthou's policy of ententes, and subsequent alliances, all become part of a logical whole. The book is valuable in exposing the French point of view in the quest for security; it will become more valuable when the other volumes of the series are published.

HENRY A. CALLAHAN

THE CHURCH BEFORE PILATE. By Edward Leen, C.S.Sp.

The Preservation Press. \$1

DO you wish to understand the Church crucified, to stand unscandalized by what the future may bring? Read and study *The Church Before Pilate*. Do you need assurance that Christianity has not failed men but that men have failed Christianity? This book is reassuring. Do you want to play a part in the Christian rejuvenation of mankind? Your rôle is marked out here.

Father Leen's analysis of the world and its contradictory state-witnesses against the Church, his answer to the "inexplicable" hatred of the Church, his insight that discovers the ever-present Cross in the religion of Communism, his exposition of original sin and Christ's redemptive work, conspire to make this neat volume timely, informative, inspirational and devotional.

F. C. BAILEY

WAR WITHOUT VIOLENCE. By Krishnalal Shridharani.

Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.50

A NATIVE of India and a follower of Gandhi, the author describes a new social institution, a novel mode of settling group and national problems without the aid of physical force. Satyagraha it is called. Literally translated, it means "insistence on truth," and was so named on account of Gandhi's deep conviction that truth will eventually prevail. Its history, aims and achievements are the purpose of this book.

The system is based on self-imposed and openly courted suffering, and demands from its adherents the willingness and ability to endure hardships for their cause. It includes an elaborate program. The term has come to be applied to all the organized and concerted activities of the nationalists in India who are pledged to Gandhi's doctrine of non-violence. Satyagraha as an organized mass action presupposes that the community has a grievance which must be of such large proportions that it could be claimed as a cause, and worthy of the suffering of the community in its behalf.

It has not yet met an invading army and that, of course, would be the real test. While there is no doubt it has been effective in India settling labor disputes and boycotts, without such a leader as Gandhi, looked upon as almost "Divine," and without the Indian background, it would seem difficult if not impossible to solve our present world problems in this way.

F. T. DRISCOLL

OUR BLESSED MOTHER. By the Rev. Peter A. Resch, S.M., S.T.D. Bruce Publishing Co. \$1.44

ESSENTIALLY a textbook, admirably adapted to high school classes, the book is described with accuracy as "Outlines of Mariology." It falls into three distinct parts: the life of Mary as we see it from the Gospels; the privileges of Mary; and finally, devotion to Mary. All three parts are treated in a way that shows the author's accurate knowledge of teaching technique and the needs of the boys and girls for whom it is intended. Especially worthy of admiration in this regard are the "questions" or "assignments" that follow each chapter, in which the chapter's contents are reduced to definite and practical outlets in daily life. This is the true flower of Mariology; and it ought to find a place in the school-year's work in religion. Father Resch has supplied an attractive and adequate text for such a widely beneficial complementary course.

JAMES J. KENNEDY

THE ROAD TO RICHMOND. Harold Adams Small. University of California Press. \$3.50

THE story of war is strange, and few can tell it well. We may read of it in history books, but we shall not find the complete story there. The history of the past was made by individuals, and it is individuals who have shared in the making who can best give us an insight into it.

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This memoir, the editor tells us in the preface, is the history of the Sixteenth Maine Volunteers. Major Small, he says, speaks but little of himself. We disagree. The great charm of this book is precisely that the Major does speak of himself. It is the autobiography of a soldier, frank and outspoken. We praise his frankness, although we may, now and then, disagree.

Here is a book that will prove interesting not to historians alone but to all others. It is not merely history, it is history with a personality. As history there is nothing new, nothing extraordinary. There is the strange story of war and told remarkably well.

GORDON HENDERSON

MARY'S GARDEN OF ROSES. By Monsignor Hugh F. Blunt. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2

THIS is a welcome addition to Mariology, in particular to the seasonal devotion of the Rosary. The author treats of its fifteen mysteries in his well known, pleasing manner. As he intimates, the Rosary may again be the supernatural force that will prevent Christian civilization from being liquidated by its more threatening pagan enemies of today. The Spiritual Book Associates quite appropriately chose this work of Monsignor Blunt as their October offering.

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL

THE SUN AT NOON. By Kenneth B. Murdock. The Macmillan Co. \$2.75

STUDIES of three seventeenth-century titled characters—Elizabeth Cary, Viscountess Falkland; her son Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland; and John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester—are grouped together in this book; and Professor Murdock, notwithstanding his modest preface, has done them with considerable care. He gives as his reason for the grouping, which may have struck the reader as incongruous, the fact that the three represent aspects of the thought of the time and that they all "sought for an object of faith, some general principle more potent than the promptings of flesh, and proof against the vicissitudes of earth," religious assurance, or rather God Himself referred to in a sermon by Donne as "the Sun at noon." But it is problematical whether the scholarly Viscount, for all his reasonings, ever came within hailing distance of this Sun. And Rochester, "that very profane wit," did not devote a surfeit of hours to the search despite his edifying death. It is a question in his case, too, whether it is ever advisable to rake up old scandals even though the point at issue is good.

The most interesting sketch is that which concerns Lady Cary, a bluestocking of eccentric habits but sterling principle who dared her powerful husband's displeasure, real poverty and the scorn of the court in order to embrace Catholicism. The account of her Spartan girlhood and ready, disconcerting wit makes fascinating reading. A very intrepid lady was Elizabeth Cary, whose effigy, reproduced here in photograph, still kneels steadfastly in a little Oxfordshire chapel. A certain sympathy with the Church that claimed her, but an incomplete understanding of it marks the author. He is entirely at home, however, in the century of which he writes, a century which has long been somewhat neglected; and the most colorful figures of the age walk through his pages.

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THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER. Nowhere so much as in New York will the new Kaufman-Hart comedy, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, be appreciated. Put on almost anywhere it would succeed. At the Music Box Theatre, under the managerial genius and direction of Sam H. Harris, it has become a smash hit.

The explanation is surprisingly simple. In it George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart lampoon a number of their best and best-known friends, beginning and continuing with Alexander Woolcott, variously distinguished as dramatic critic, playwright, actor, essayist, radio commentator and raconteur. It is a severe portrait they give us, but an extremely amusing one, and it is presented with the candor of a deep friendship—overlaid and interspersed with cayenne pepper.

Friends of Mr. Woolcott in the audience, following the comedy with the varying emotions of pain and pleasure weak human beings are subject to in assisting at the lampooning of their dear ones, will suspect that the devotion between the authors and their chief victim will be less tender in future than it has been. Certainly Mr. Woolcott has declined to play the leading rôle artlessly offered him by the authors, though they claim that he has accepted the dramatic presentation of himself with cheerful philosophy.

Monty Woolley, an excellent comedian, has joyously assumed the leading rôle (of Mr. Woolcott), and though he has endeavored to conceal Mr. Woolcott's personality behind a heavy beard, it shines forth with a startling and uncanny radiance. Judged by the lines alone, it presents Mr. Woolcott in a rather new light; but as interpreted by Mr. Woolley and his whiskers, it gives one of our favorite authors moments of humanness and charm as well as two hours of wit and acid philosophy.

The story in which Mr. Woolcott's ample form is wrapped is original and amusing. Sheridan Whiteside, a lecturer (inspired by Mr. Woolcott and interpreted by Mr. Woolley), falls at the threshold of friends, is injured, and is enforcedly a guest in their home for several weeks. The play follows him and them through the devastating period of this visit. Established in their living room, he receives his cronies. The circle of friends includes such distinguished and easily recognized figures as Noel Coward, Harpo Marx and their "set." It need hardly be added that the dialog of the invalid and his intimates is always extremely witty and often very cruel. Mr. Woolley's impersonation is remarkably good. It is he, rather than the authors, who give us those saving glimpses of the real Woolcott—the Woolcott his friends see when he is not acting on or off the stage.

The company surrounding Mr. Woolley is excellent, as a company chosen by Mr. Harris would be. Inspired by Mr. Woolley's leadership, every member of the cast gives the best that is in him or her, and that best is steadily and amazingly good. Miss Edith Atwater, indeed, distinguishes herself in the rôle of the over-worked and all-enduring secretary of a genius. John Hoysradt, who interprets the character of Noel Coward, does it with an insight which proves that he has made a careful study of that impresario, and Miss Carol Goodner is excellent in an unpleasant rôle. David Burns is so vividly Harpo Marx that Mr. Marx, in the audience the first night, must have wandered home in mental confusion.

Indeed the company is so good throughout, and the play so interesting, that it simply won't do to delay seeing *The Man Who Came to Dinner*—even though the Messrs. Kaufman and Hart are as cruel as Mr. Woolcott himself can sometimes be, and even though there is much that is unpardonable in this back-handed and thinly veiled caricature of a friend. But Mr. Woolcott apparently forgives it, and its audiences certainly do.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE ROARING TWENTIES. This is a kind of tabloid history of the post-War era pointing out the social aftermath of our attempt to make the world safe for democracy. With all its faults of sentimentality and triteness of plot the film builds up a salutary impression of the evils of war, which comes as an antidote to recent hate-mongering films. Written by Mark Hellinger, who was a part of the lurid scene, and directed with occasional bite by Raoul Walsh, it merely suggests the damning, factual account which can be given of a period that spawned the Prohibition nightmare and its chief mourner, the bootlegging gangster. The picture is built around the personal history of a doughboy who returns to America to find opportunity dead and who subsequently rises to power and wealth in the underworld empire built by the Noble Experiment. Unsuccessful in love, he falls finally under gangster bullets. The tale is a melodramatic account of a period that was all melodrama, and its insistence on the seamy side of the times is generally in line with its purpose. Priscilla Lane, Humphrey Bogart, Paul Kelly, James Cagney and Gladys George are broad types, but their very lack of individuality adds to the impression of social history. It is calculated to give mature audiences pause in the present struggle of rival propagandists for the attention of America's young men. (Warner)

AT THE CIRCUS. No one has ever thought of the Marx Brothers as subtle comedians, and some people have never thought of them as comedians, but in this film they are apparently intent on slapstick to the exclusion of everything else. It is a rough and vulgar piece of business which will prove funny enough, given an audience without sense or sensibilities. Edward Buzzell has directed in traditional style, which means that confusion reigns, and the story of a disinherited heir's attempt to run a circus serves merely to provide cues for wild and continuous interruptions. Kenny Baker sings pleasantly and carries the romantic complication with Florence Rice. Although the production is just *within adult bounds*, it snatches every opportunity for *double entendre* and *suggestiveness* and on the whole behaves itself with leering circumspection. (MGM)

ON YOUR TOES. The usual routines of musical comedy are augmented in this bright instance by the ballet, giving the production an artistic lift as well as an element of novelty. Ray Enright has made good use of comedy material to carry the slight story, which relates the evolution of a vaudeville hoofer into a ballet dancer. He is taken up by an opportunist Russian who recognizes his talent for music and, after the usual difficulties, dances opposite the famous ballerina whom he had admired back in their vaudeville days. Vera Zorina and Eddie Albert head an excellent cast including Alan Hale, James Gleason, Queenie Smith, Erik Rhodes and Frank McHugh. This is a consistently amusing affair with Rodgers and Hart music to recommend it further to adults. (Warner)

MUTINY IN THE BIG HOUSE. There is a basis of fact in this film about a prison chaplain who defies a prison break to save his protege from being involved, and it adds sincerity and significance to this action drama. Martin Mooney's story takes its central incident from the exploit of Father O'Neill, of Colorado, and Charles Bickford's splendid characterization of the priest reveals the spiritual motives which should underlie prison reforms. Barton MacLane provides the anti-social viewpoint in a grim and sometimes brutal study of convict life. This is for adults. (Monogram)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

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EVENTS

CAMPAIGNERS for highway safety figured in the news. . . . The president of the Safe Driving Club of America was arrested in Connecticut charged with passing four automobiles in a row, forcing one of them off the road. . . . The Traffic Policemen's Accident Prevention School convened in Maryland, but the first speaker, a university president, did not appear. He was involved in an automobile accident on his way to the safe-driving meeting. . . . At Berlin, N. J., two delegates en route to the National Safety Council convention in Atlantic City were arrested for speeding. . . . A recently finished "super-safe" highway in Philadelphia experienced ten accidents in its first four days of operation. The "super-safe" road was then closed. . . . Efforts to stamp out crime appeared to be not altogether successful. . . . In Newark, N. J., a man was jailed charged with stealing two steam locomotives and four miles of railroad track. . . . Boston robbers relieved a citizen of \$100 which he had just won at a Beano party. . . . A Gotham panhandler, with long white hair and a white beard, was spared a jail sentence because he looked like Santa Claus. The idea of having Santa Claus in a cell during the Christmas season seemed incongruous to the judge. . . .

The proverbial thrift of Scotchmen was again demonstrated. Following the German bombing raids on the Scotch coastline, Scottish fishermen hurried out to sea, gathered in the fish killed by the explosions. . . . Indications that a new attitude toward prison life was forming emerged. . . . Some time ago an inmate of the Michigan State Hospital escaped, and tried unsuccessfully to break into the prison in which he had once served a term. Last week he again escaped from the hospital. The prison guard was immediately put on the alert to foil any attempt at a break-in. . . . In New South Wales prisons, guards were ordered to wear slippers at night to make the night life of the convicts more restful. . . . World-shaking discoveries continued erupting from scientific circles. . . . In Chicago, an insomnia researcher announced that counting sheep is worse than coffee for keeping people wakeful. Scientists have hitherto clung to the theory, developed thousands of years ago, that sheep counting was rich in soporific value. Sheep breeders feared that the new discovery might reduce the demand for sheep. . . . After conducting experiments in Mammoth Cave, another researcher announced that human life was superior to plant and animal life. Human beings, alone among terrestrial forms of life, stay awake when they are neither hungry or thirsty, his elaborate researches demonstrated. . . . A device for lifting babies' chins was perfected in San Francisco. It is attached to nursing bottles. Receding jaws will be unknown among the men and women of tomorrow if the babies of today are harnessed with the chin-lifting device, chin-lifting experts disclosed. . . .

Father-and-son competition continued in golf, tennis and real estate. In Oregon, a 108-year-old father disputed the competence of his 78-year-old son who wanted to become guardian of the father's estate. . . . Instances of pitiless lack of sympathy were observed. . . . A one-time wife of Rudolf Valentino, about to sail from France on a United States liner, showed officers a dog-doctor's statement declaring that her pet Pekingese would die of a broken heart if separated from her. The officers nevertheless refused permission for the Pekingese to stay in her cabin. She canceled passage. . . . In Colombia, a donkey trained to kick and bite trespassers on a farm was executed for kicking and biting a trespasser.

THE PARADER